The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 13, 1913.

The Week

Not the least of the good omens attending the new Administration is the resolution adopted by the first Democratic caucus of the new House, directing the caucus chairman, Representative Palmer, of Pennsylvania, to appoint a special committee of seven to consider the wisdom of adopting a national budget, "to the end that the total of appropriations may the better be controlled, reductions in expenditures may be attained, and confusion in and duplication of appropriations avoided." The language of this resolution is a concise expression of the aims of the innovation for which President Taft fought in vain. To oppose them openly would require a higher degree of boldness than most public men possess, and yet to put them into practice under existing legislative conditions demands a breadth of view that few Congressmen have. Experience has proved absolutely that they are to be attained, if at all, only by some especially devised method that will ward off the attacks of local interests upon the defenceless Federal Treasury. The present move in the direction of a budget has the strategical advantage of coming from the Capitol.

The report that Mr. Wilson is to dispense with a uniformed aide and cut in half the military staff which now engages in the highly military duty of assisting at the social functions in the White House is welcome, and we trust accurate, news. To abolish all the uniforms would be but to return to the custom of the last Democratic Administration. Indeed, the bringing in of gold lace was a part of Mr. Roosevelt's desire for the spectacular. With his keen sense for doing the popular thing, he chose for White House service the sons or grandsons of distinguished officers, such as Grant, Sheridan, Fitzhugh Lee, Henry, Miles, etc. The White House needs no pomp to make it the most dignified and impressive of mansions; indeed, there is nothing more impressive than democratic simplicity. To rival the gorgeousness of European courts is not within our power, were it our desire, and even a dozen uniforms add but little lustre.

People were astonished to learn that among the very first official acts of Mr. Bryan as Secretary of State was the dispatch of a telegram of commendation to Ambassador Wilson in Mexico City. These are Mr. Wilson's own words as reported in the New York *Sun* on Saturday morning: "All the acts of this embassy during the trying days when American life and property were placed in jeopardy by the bombardment of this city from within and from without have been approved not only by Secretary Knox, but also by Secretary Bryan." To-day there is reason to believe that the Wilson dispatch was passed by Mr. Bryan without perusal in the confusion of his first days in office. Whatever may be the secret history of the telegram, the retention of Ambassador Wilson at his present post is unthinkable. Ever since the outbreak of revolutionary troubles in Mexico, Mr. Wilson has shown that, if not guilty of actual bias in favor of the Diaz régime, he has been certainly the victim of bad information. Again and again he has created panic at Washington by announcing imaginary catastrophes. Conditions under the Madero régime were painted by him in uniformly dark colors. The impression in this country is that Ambassador Wilson's attitude in Mexico was not what should be expected from an American representative towards a people struggling, however painfully, away from feudalism and oppression towards democracy.

Congressman McCall made a little parting address, before the expiration of the session, in which he expressed the opinion that the House might occupy a more powerful place than it does in our system of government. He thought that, given its special functions assigned by the Constitution, and also its democratic composition and popular character, it rested with the members themselves to decide whether the House of Representatives might not be made the "dominating organ." There was no express reference to the ups and downs, as between the influence of the Senate and that of the House, observable during a period of years. For a time, from 1874 on, the House appeared to be the more powerful body. But later the Senate distinctly gained the ascendency, which seemed to become fixed under McKinley and Roosevelt. Recently the turn of the House has seemed to come again. In its favor, if it now chose to assert itself, would be the great change of personnel in the Senate. Death and defeat have removed nearly all of the Old Guard, who used to be so potent not merely in party management, but in the control of public business. One remark made by Mr. McCall, in alluding to his twenty years of service in the House, was suggestive. He said that he had voted against a large number of measures that had become laws. This he did not lament, his only regret, in looking back, being that he had not voted against more of them. It was an effective way of stating his belief that too great facility in legislation is a curse.

By a vote of two to one, Vermont has taken herself out of the position of political barometer for the nation. Hereafter she will hold no election in September, and the forecasters will have to base their predictions for November upon the result in Maine alone. This change has been brought about by the carrying of an amendment to the State Constitution, concerning which only about one-fourth as many voters expressed an opinion as cast ballots for President last year. Thus a little above one-sixth of the State's "sovereigns" have been allowed to determine its policy in this respect; and not in this respect alone, for seven other amendments were adopted at the same time by about the same minority. The most important of these changes were one strengthening the power of the Governor by requiring a two-thirds instead of a majority vote of the Legislature to override a veto, and another conferring upon the Legislature authority to pass a Workingmen's Compensation act. The vote upon this last proposal was closer than that upon any of the others, although it was carried by a handsome margin.

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In Charles F. Murphy's book of life, Friday, March 7, will, we are sure, always rank as a day of days. Never before was the majesty of Tammany Hall so well recognized, or his own preëminence as a leader. Was he not received at the White House with all pomp and ceremony? Did not the President of the United States grant him a special audience? Did not reporters and mere Cabinet members look on with awe and admiration? True, there are detractors no end who will cynically sneer and say that the interview was in no wise different from that granted to 2,000 visitors to the White House the day before, and quote from the ribald press the entire conversation: "I wish you success, Mr. President." "Thank you; I am glad to see you." To the uninitiated this means little, perhaps; those who know the ways of statesmen will understand better.

Gov. Colquitt, of Texas, has been attracting some attention, not to say arousing some apprehension, at Washington, by his statements and actions in reference to the Mexican revolution. He has let it be known that he at least stood ready to do all that might become a man and the commander-in-chief of the militia of Texas. A much more important and creditable thing, however, if less resounding, is a message he sent to the Legislature on the subject of education. This paper was by no means perfunctory in tone, but bore evidence throughout of the Governor's immediate interest in what he was talking about. Texas is recognizing the existence of the same problem that has been troubling States so distant from it as Iowa and Montana, namely, the scattering over the State of institutions which might be parts of a great university. There has been some jealousy among supporters of certain of these institutions, and in particular the charge that one or two of them were "rich men's" schools has had to be met. This charge Gov. Colquitt disposes of by the remark that of two thousand students at the University proper, more than six hundred, including both men and women, are earning their way. His message is the more forcible in that it merely urges the carrying out of the comprehensive plank on the subject in the last State Democratic platform.

It is becoming pointless to ask whether any good thing can come out of Harrisburg. All parties seem to be agreed that now is the time to do something that will not smack of partisanship. Thus, Gov. Tener, the Republican State leaders, the Flinn Republicans, and the independents are united in favor of a bill, just reported from committee, which provides for a non-partisan ballot for municipal and other local elections. Names of candidates are to be placed on the primary ballot by petition, as is done at present, but there is to be only one such ballot, instead of one for each organization. Twice as many candidates as are to be voted for at the general election will be taken from the list of candidates appearing at the primary, in the order of the votes they poll. A candidate receiving a majority of all the votes cast at the primary shall be regarded as elected, and his name alone will be printed on the final ballot for the office concerned. The party designation will appear after the candidate's name, in both primary and general elections. It is a shock to see Pennsylvania taking the lead in anything like ballot reform, but it is a kind of surprise which the rest of the country, along with those in the State itself who have been fighting for such a day, will welcome.

A resolution providing for the appropriation of $25,000,000 by the State of Pennsylvania for improvements at the Port of Philadelphia, is before the Legislature. It would so amend the Constitution as to permit Philadelphia to assume the entire burden of taxation resulting. In his argument for the measure, Senator Vare pointed out that Hamburg had lately spent $100,000,000 on its port, adding that Philadelphia is 85 miles nearer than New York to the Panama Canal, and more than 200 miles nearer than Boston. Boston, however, is not asleep. Joseph A. Conry, Director of the Port of Boston, has asked the Legislature for $50,000,000 for harbor improvements and the perfection of rail and water terminals. His project involves the development of the entire waterfront between North and South Stations and along the Charles and Mystic Rivers. Vast as these projects seem to Americans, they should remember that Liverpool is preparing to spend $16,000,000 on a dock system which has already cost $150,000,000.

From Galveston to Boston, the digging at Panama has stimulated interest in port improvements. New Orleans is one of the few deep-water cities which have retained control of the greater part of their waterfront, only San Francisco surpassing it in this respect. The sixteenth annual report of the New Orleans Dock Board shows that there are 41.4 miles of river frontage available for shipping, with five miles of wharves; 1,892 seagoing vessels, 1,596 river steamboats, and more than 2,100 smaller craft were reported as "arriving" during 1912. New Orleans does not begrudge Galveston its sudden growth in military population, due to that port's nearness to Mexico. New Orleans does feel, however, that Gen. Wood was right in calling attention to its importance as a military and naval base. The *Times-Democrat* urges that if troops stationed along the river or in the Mississippi Valley should be concentrated for foreign service, it would be wasteful to send them to Norfolk for an additional voyage of 700 or 800 miles, or to Cuba for transshipment. New Orleans is still safely the second port in the United States, the *Daily States* remarks, and that despite the artificial movement of Texas and Oklahoma cotton through Galveston.

Frank M. Ryan, president of the International Association of Ironworkers, sentenced last December to seven years in prison for complicity in the nation-wide dynamite conspiracy which had its culmination in the Los Angeles *Times* atrocity, and now out under $160,000 bail, has been reëlected president of the Ironworkers' Union. There are circumstances in which such an expression of confidence in a convicted prisoner is put forward as a vindication, as a reassertion by the man's friends and followers of a belief in his innocence. But there was no *cachet* of martyrdom in this action by the ironworkers. It is absurd to speak of Ryan's innocence in the face of the overwhelming nature of the evidence adduced at the trial. Ryan's reëlection is not a vindication, but a challenge and an act of defiance. It is a striking manifestation of that caste or class morality which the Socialists are so fond of throwing in the

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face of "capitalist" society. Because the dynamite outrages were committed in the interest of labor, the murder of innocent men ceases to be murder, and takes on the dignity of warfare. The fact that the dynamiters did not work in the interests of labor, nor even of organized labor, but only in the interests of that small section of labor represented in the Ironworkers' Union, apparently does not matter. Frank M. Ryan is thus taken by his comrades to their bosom as a man who dynamited, perhaps not wisely, but too well.

The commutation of these sentences amounts to a direct interference with the administration of justice by the courts. Heike got a $25,000 salary and has escaped his imprisonment, but what about the six $18 a week checkers, who were sent to jail, one of them a man of more than sixty? It is cases like this that create discontent and anarchy.

It is impossible to deny the force of these remarks of W. Cleveland Runyon, Special Assistant Attorney in the Sugar Trust weighing-fraud cases. In the case of Gerbracht, the superintendent of the Williamsburgh refinery, no attempt whatever, he says, has been made to justify the commutation; in the case of Heike, the secretary of the Trust, the plea that he was likely to die if he went to jail was made use of. This sickness strike is getting to be almost as much of a stumbling block to the law here as the suffragettes' hunger strike is in England, and in our case there is no pretence of any principle being involved.

Some method might perhaps have been devised for bringing to a more immediate test the claim of Dr. Friedrich Franz Friedmann that he has found a cure for tuberculosis. But to say this is not to express condemnation, or even censure, of any of the medical authorities involved. There are certain orderly ways of going about things, in any profession, which have grown up as the result of ages of experience. Insistence upon them may go too far; they may often stand in the way of progress. But they are essential to the prevention of an infinite amount of charlatanry and mischief. The first impulse of many good people in New York was to blame the medical men for not giving Dr. Friedmann "a chance"; but the doctors were thinking not so much about giving chances as about taking chances. They know perfectly well that any censure they may invite by being slow to permit experiments upon human beings is a small thing in comparison with the storm of condemnation that would break out if they threw the door open with mischievous results. The question before them was, in the main, this: Did Dr. Friedmann's claim present so strong a presumption of merit as to make the refusal of medical authorities to depart from their regular ways a reprehensible act?

Viewed from the outside, this question admits of but one answer. Quite apart from any rules of the medical profession, the simple canons of ordinary human behavior and human judgment put Dr. Friedmann in a most unenviable position. He had been practicing his alleged cure in Germany, the very home of scientific research, for a considerable period, and he is in this dilemma: If the merit of his method has been established there, he ought to have a considerable body of trustworthy acknowledgment of it to show, whereas he has virtually none; and if it has not yet been established, manifestly the thing for him to do was to go on piling up the evidence of its value where he had already made a start, instead of beginning all over again in a foreign country. And he comes here not only without any such authoritative approval, but apparently without having taken the ordinary common-sense steps that any person with an important mission takes in going to a strange land. Was there nobody in all Germany who could give him a proper introduction to some person of standing here, some person who would have enabled him to enter upon his undertaking decently and in order?

A fearful new enemy of the Dreadnought appears to be looming on the horizon. It is not the super-Dreadnought, nor yet an oversuper-Dreadnought. According to a writer in an English engineering journal, the German Government is in possession of a means by which "a fleet of Dreadnoughts can be met and vanquished on the high seas at a cost of less than a single vessel." The nature of the destroyers that are so easily to annihilate a navy of mammoths is thus described:

A destroyer of this category is speedier than any Dreadnought. It lies low in the water, not much more than awash, and it fights end on. The only target it presents to the enemy's fire is a bow shield sloping backward and of such shape and thickness as to be virtually impenetrable. It serves as the carriage of a single gun of maximum power furnished with projectiles that play the part of aerial torpedoes, and the gun remains perpetually screened except at the moment of firing. The vessel can keep the sea in all weathers, and can fight effectively at the longest ranges. Twenty of these destroyers can be built for the cost of a single super-Dreadnought, and the German naval experts hold, with ample reason, that a super-Dreadnought must inevitably succumb if attacked by even five of such small craft.

According to the writer in the *Engineer*, an opportunity to get possession of the design for this terrific engine of war was first offered to the British Admiralty, which, however, declined to enter into the scheme.

Not altogether without influence on our own tariff policy will be the state of British trade and industry. Each successive twelvemonth surpasses all previous records in volume of foreign trade; and home trade and industry have recently also been making an excellent showing. The London *Economist's* careful summary of the commercial history of the year brings out the facts in a way that admits of no dispute. Since 1903, the year in which Mr. Chamberlain started on his unfortunate adventure of "tariff reform," based on the belief that British trade was going into a decline, the total value of the foreign trade of the United Kingdom has increased 49 per cent., a thing that the most hopeful free-trader would not have dared to look for. That total for 1912 reached the prodigious figure of £1,344,000,000—nearly seven billion dollars. This includes, however, the reexports, as well as foreign goods imported and British goods exported. But the imports were £745,000,000 and the exports £487,000,000, so that the total of the true import and export business was £1,132,000,000, or not far from six billion dollars. Since 1893, the imports have increased 36 per cent., and the exports by the enormous amount of 71 per cent. These figures, to be sure, give a somewhat false impression, since the scale of prices has risen, the world over; with due allowance for this factor, the increase in volume of trade has been 24 per cent. for imports and 49 per cent. for exports.

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THE NEW ADMINISTRATION.

President Wilson begins his work at Washington under fair auspices. He has had a "good press," to use the French phrase. The exalted tone of his Inaugural has been fully recognized abroad as well as at home. Expressions of good will for him abound, even from his political opponents. But all this, as none knows better than he, is customary. New Presidents are usually received with great cordiality. Let not him that putteth on the harness boast as he that putteth it off. Mr. Taft could tell Wilson about that. It was with almost unexampled friendliness that a President was greeted four years ago. We know what happened to him later. And with President Wilson, too, inauguration acclaims will soon die away. The time will come swiftly when he must use what is said to be a favorite phrase with him: "Now let's get to business." That he intends to get to it in the speediest and most direct way possible was shown by his first announcement that he would not see any applicants for office except those whom he had asked to call upon him. Here is the dreamy idealist showing himself at the start a practical man of affairs. It is a great stroke of common-sense at the very beginning.

This impression that President Wilson means to be his own master will be heightened by his selections for the Cabinet. No one can allege that these appointments were dictated to him. There is not the faintest trail of a boss over them. Nor do any of them smell of political obligations assumed or bargains made. Inevitably, the President had to submit to certain limitations. He could not ignore the geography. He could not demand better material than existed. Bearing in mind the long exclusion of the Democratic party from power, and also the fact that Mr. Wilson decided not to weaken the narrow Democratic majority in the Senate by inviting any of the abler men there to a seat in his Cabinet, his final choice will, we think, be generally admitted to be as wise as he could have made. It is his own choice, at all events, and his own will be the responsibility for the success or failure of his Cabinet.

Its secret was extraordinarily well kept. With the exception of three or four names, the list was not really known until Wilson started for Washington. Apparently, it was not complete until about that time. The latest appointment to be fixed upon was that of the Secretary of War. To this post there had been strong rumors that the President would invite Col. Goethals. But to this there would have been solid objections. In the first place, Col. Goethals should be left to complete his great work at Panama. It would be both a wrong to him and an injury to the morale of the force under him to take him away. Furthermore, it would have been unfortunate to depart from the wholesome precedent that Secretaries of War and of the Navy in this country should be civilians. The principle of civil control over the military is too important to be waived even in appearance. Hence the general satisfaction that Col. Goethals was left undisturbed, and that the President put at the head of the War Department a man whose record has been made as a lawyer and a judge.

Mr. Bryan's appointment as Secretary of State was so plainly written on the political sky that everybody has long taken it for granted. The *Nation* has already expressed at length its opinion of this fated selection. We merely note now that even the Republican press receives it calmly. It is said by his friends that Mr. Bryan has a strong and laudable ambition to do something for the cause of international peace; and if he makes use of the State Department as a vantage-ground for this high work, the applause that he receives from his former political antagonists will not be stinted.

No Cabinet appointments that President Wilson had to make were more important than those of Secretary of the Treasury and Attorney-General. There is to be long overdue currency and banking legislation; and the labor piled upon the Department of Justice will be vast and critical. For both positions the President has made selections that command approval. Mr. McReynolds has already been an Assistant Attorney-General, and is well thought of for his legal knowledge and his vigor as a prosecutor. He should be able to take up Mr. Wickersham's work without a serious break. And Mr. McAdoo's designation as Secretary of the Treasury makes a good impression. Not specially trained in finance—as a matter of fact, the banker-Secretaries have not been successes—he is a good executive, has a wide knowledge of business, and should be in a position to give Wilson great practical help in getting through Congress sound legislation for currency reform. In naming Franklin Lane, of California, as Secretary of the Interior, the President has taken from the Interstate Commerce Commission what is perhaps the most vigorous personality. Another important appointment made solely with an eye to getting the best man available is that of President Houston, of Missouri, as Secretary of Agriculture. He has had a wide range of university activities, has been deeply interested in the cause of educational reform in the South, and is declared by his friends to be peculiarly competent for the work to which President Wilson has summoned him. But of all the appointees to the Cabinet, no more need be said at present than that they are men who come with a free hand to their tasks, that the country is disposed to give them full and fair opportunity, and that they will be judged every man according to his work.

DEMORALIZING TALK OF MORALS.

It surely seems as if, in Mr. Asquith's phrase, "we are getting on" in our theories about the causes of evil in this world. We have heard a great deal about the economic interpretation of history. But now we are to have the economic interpretation of morals. Why are the New York police dishonest? Because they are not paid enough to live on. What is the final and satisfactory explanation of the curse of prostitution, which has existed in all ages and in all lands? Why, the modern wage-system. Policemen are corrupt because a beginning salary of $800 a year is not enough to support a family. The fact that the large majority of the men are unmarried when they go on the force is one of the things that our hasty theorists do not mention. They seem never to have heard of a dishonest bachelor policeman. And from all parts of the country we are hearing just now that the great and almost the sole reason why women take up with a life of shame is that they cannot get a living wage in shops or offices.

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It is not necessary to deny that there is a measure of truth in the contention that the pinch of poverty tends to break down the moral fibre of many. The economic argument has a certain force. It goes part way. If even a small proportion of working girls who now go wrong could be kept in virtuous paths by higher pay, then the question of the possibility of higher pay is one which employers and the entire community are bound to consider. No one would lift a finger to hinder any design to better the lot or brighten the outlook or reinforce the moral strength of any class or group of men and women. But sympathy must not be allowed to grow a cataract on our eyes. We are bound to look at all the facts and weigh all the consequences. Above all, we must cling to the fundamentals of character and the old moralities, come what will.

Just here, it seems to us, is the danger of those who see in the incidental hardships of our industrial system, with the rising pressure of population, the sufficient explanation of evils that lie deep in the heart of man. Never before have we seen the theory pushed to such absurd and, we must add, demoralizing lengths as in the inquiry conducted in Chicago by a committee of the Legislature presided over by Lieut.-Gov. O'Hara. Commendable as may be the aim, and useful as may prove to be some of the results attained, the methods of questioning and the entire mental and moral presuppositions of the chief examiner are such as to call for indignant protest. Asking a young girl if being "scolded" by a forewoman might not naturally lead to prostitution or even to suicide, was one sample. Another was Mr. O'Hara's question, put to a witness, whether if a woman were confronted with the alternative of starvation or surrendering her virtue, she would not choose the latter. The witness thought she would. "Thank you," thereupon said Lieut.-Gov. O'Hara. He had got a complete demonstration of his theory. Apparently, he did not stop to think that his test alternative does not, in fact, present itself once in 100,000 cases. It never occurred to him to ask if the temptation which breaks down weak wills is not very often, not the bare means of living, but the chance for a life of ease and excitement, with glitter and finery unattainable by mere work. And even if the dire alternative were as stated, we resent the implication that women would not starve sooner than give up what is dearer to them than life, and most of all do we resent the facile spreading abroad of such intimations that virtue is wholly a matter of food and clothes.

As against all this demoralizing talk about what must happen to men and women in circumstances of poverty, it is well to bring to mind what they have, in fact, done and are still doing with pecuniary means of the narrowest. We are asked to sigh over the policeman with only $800 to begin on. But think of the clergymen and physicians who have had no more than that sum, on the average, for years, yet have lived respectably and educated their children. Such cases, of course, have been oftenest met with in country towns, and at a time when the necessities of life did not cost what they do now. We would not measure salary by salary. But the main point is that there went with the small income a spirit of self-help and thrift and stout independence, with full cooperation. One reason why the family could live on so meagre a salary for its head was that the children were brought up to add their part. What they could save and what they could earn meant just so much for the domestic exchequer. And the boys had no prouder moment than when they brought home their $3 or $4 a week and gave it to their mother. But that sort of thing is nowadays regarded as well-nigh a social crime. What, take small wages just because you can live on them at home! This has, somehow, got to be an anti-social act. The head of one of the big Chicago department-houses testified that he began as an office-boy at $2 a week; and it was at once evident that the Committee looked upon him as a kind of unnatural monster.

We have no complaint to make of this whole series of inquiries. Let us by all means find out whatever we can. But in the process it is of the utmost importance not to put forth glib generalizations as if they were the absolute truth. And nothing, in our opinion, could be more harmful than to allow the idea to spread through the popular mind that morality is closely identified with wages, that there need be no such thing as enduring hardness as good soldiers of the spiritual life, and that you can redeem humanity from evil desires and bad living simply by filling its stomach and clothing it in purple and fine linen. After all, we have heard of well-to-do men and women who were not strictly moral.

EDITORIAL "PRIVILEGE."

John Burns's assertion last week that the English press would not so abuse public men unless it had become "Americanized," would hardly bear historical investigation, but gains whatever present point it has from the Parliamentary inquiry into the Marconi scandals. In that matter, English Ministers have been, not merely abused, but groundlessly defamed. The *Nation* has already dwelt upon the complete breakdown and ignominious withdrawal of the calumnious charges. But in the examination of Mr. L. J. Maxse, editor of the *National Review*, certain questions concerning the practice and the ethics of journalists were raised which go beyond the original issue. A new form of "privilege" was asserted. It was pretended that editors should be ranked with physicians and priests in being free from compulsion, under legal process, to reveal confidential communications.

The case was this. Mr. Maxse, in his *Review*, had written and published, and allowed others to publish, the grossest attacks upon the integrity of members of the Cabinet. Without mincing language, he had accused them of pecuniary corruption. Moreover, he had demanded a Parliamentary committee to go to the bottom of the whole affair. When it was appointed, he declared his belief that it was only a whitewashing move, and that it would not dare to uncover the facts. Yet when it summoned this gentleman himself and asked for *his* facts, he stated, first, that he had none to offer ("I do not pretend to have evidence," were his words), and, secondly, though all he had printed had been based upon rumors and allegations conveyed to him in private conversations and letters, that he would not give up the name of a single person who had spoken to him or written to him on the subject. That is, Mr. Maxse set up the plea of editorial "privilege." He took the ground that "an editor cannot give away confidential communications under

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any circumstances." The committee held another view, and reported Mr. Maxse to the House of Commons for contumacy. Action in the case was deferred, however, till after the Parliamentary recess.

Mr. Maxse's position gave rise to sharp differences of opinion in the English press. The London *Times*, while disclaiming all sympathy with Mr. Maxse's intemperate and unfounded charges against Ministers, stood with him wholeheartedly on what it conceived to be his "point of principle." It said:

> Much information and criticism beneficial to the public will necessarily be suppressed if those who communicate with editors are no longer assured that the confidence reposed in them will in all circumstances be respected. The ordinary law of privilege has been formed mainly with reference to the position of the solicitor, who is not bound to divulge information, or to disclose documents obtained by him in performing his professional duties to a client. But good sense and the practice of honorable men have extended privilege further than the boundaries prescribed by the lawyer's books. Many a physician has received from patients communications which under no pressure would he reveal. Many a Roman Catholic priest—and probably not a few clergymen of other faiths—have been told secrets which they would not think of disclosing, so long as their silence did not further or conceal crime or fraud. It may be somewhat difficult to explain to a committee not acquainted with the conditions of production and working of a newspaper the necessity of respecting absolutely the confidence given to an editor by his correspondents.

A wholly different view was taken by other newspapers, such as the *Westminster Gazette* and the Manchester *Guardian*.

There could not, however, be any real dispute about the matter, unless things really differing were mixed up. All the difficulty arises from assuming editorial "privilege." There is no such thing. What does exist is editorial risk and editorial liability. If a newspaper is sued for flagrant libel, it is no defence for the editor to say that he was acting on private information which he could not reveal. He would have to give up the name of his informant, or else go to jail. That is precisely the alternative which confronted Mr. Kohlsaat in Chicago when his paper printed the new story of the Lorimer bribery fund. He took the risk of publishing it, and was quite ready to be imprisoned for contumacy in refusing to tell the source of his information. But the man himself promptly came forward, and Mr. Kohlsaat saved both his honor and his freedom. In his case we see the whole truth of the business in a nutshell. An editor will, of course, guard confidential communications. But if he publishes anything based upon them, and for it is called to answer either in court or before a Legislative or Congressional Committee, he knows that he must take the responsibility upon his own shoulders and, if necessary, go to jail for contempt. In that event, he will do so cheerfully, as facing one of the hazards of his *métier*, and will not pose as an injured man whose "privilege" has been violated.

If privilege could be maintained for newspapers it would next be claimed by barbers and waiters and brokers. This point was made before the Parliamentary Committee. Mr. Maxse had charged that Ministers had speculated in Marconi shares on the strength of official information. But suppose stock brokers were asked to testify; would they not say, with as good a right as Mr. Maxse, "Oh, this was given to me in confidence; it would be a breach of faith to disclose anything"? The thing for editors to keep in mind is not an absurd and impossible "privilege," but prudence, self-respect, honor. It is an extraordinary thing that the man who has come forward in England to stand up for what he calls the "honor of the profession" should be one who had just been shown to be guilty of the foulest and most baseless libels on men in public life. John Burns might overlook the "debased" American press for a moment and profitably give his attention to this moral phenomenon of English journalism.

UNIVERSITIES AND INTELLECT.

Thirty-seven years ago next autumn Johns Hopkins University was opened, upon an endowment estimated at less than $3,500,000. The other day, it was stated that the budget adopted by the trustees of Columbia University for the expenses of the coming academic year amounted to $3,450,000. The foundation of the University at Baltimore was widely acclaimed as an event of the highest importance and the most hopeful augury. Never before had the income of so large a fund been placed at the disposal of the trustees of any new American institution of learning; and the Johns Hopkins trustees had, in the choice of its president and in the announced plans of the institution, made it plain that their opportunity was to be profitably employed. The hope was entertained that the new university would be the means of introducing into America what had so long been vainly desired by scholars and scientists—the true university, in the European sense of the term. And that hope was not disappointed. The foundation of Johns Hopkins University marked the beginning of a distinctly new era in the history of higher education in America.

In compassing with what would now be regarded as small means so signal a result, there was one thing to which every effort was directed, every energy bent—the procuring of the highest possible quality in the professors. A small group of real intellectual leaders formed the nucleus of the faculty; and in adding to them younger men in the various departments the keenest interest was constantly maintained in the discovery of unusual talent or exceptional attainment. Those who were at the university in its early years testify unanimously to the extraordinary exhilaration and inspiration of the atmosphere thus created. The buildings were extremely modest, and in large part of a makeshift character, being old residences altered at slight expense; the warning given by Huxley, in his notable address at the opening, against putting into bricks and mortar what ought to be invested in brains, was rather by way of accentuating a policy already pursued than of advising its adoption. The revenue from the endowment proved to be even less than had been expected; much, it was felt, had to be done in the way of ordinary collegiate instruction to meet the needs of time and place; and if, with the means available for the distinctive purposes of the university, so great an impetus was given at Baltimore to the university idea in America, this must be ascribed, above all else, to the clear recognition of the prerogative of intellectual superiority as the one touchstone of university distinction.

The Columbia budget of $3,450,000 is typical of the present-day expenditures of our larger universities. That they accomplish great results, results of extensive and varied usefulness, no one

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would deny. They cover a field much larger than that which formerly comprised the activities of our institutions of learning. They do much to promote civic enlightenment, and assist concretely in the solution of many problems of government. But we doubt whether any one would aver that the enormous enlargement of university expenditure has been attended with any such nourishment of high intellectual standards or ideals as might have been hoped. Indeed, many a man may be tempted to compare in this respect the big and rich universities of to-day with the struggling institutions of half a century ago to the decided disadvantage of the present. The roster of the Faculty becomes ever longer and longer; but how many of the names are such as it will thrill the students to recall thirty or forty years hence? There is always danger, in such matters, of the illusion of fond memory; the shining names of teachers under whom students were proud in after years to recall that they had sat were never very numerous. Still, it ought to be possible, out of the thick volume of professors' names in the catalogue of any of our leading universities, to single out a goodly list of those whose eminence is unmistakable and impressive, whose influence counts as a great intellectual or spiritual force, whose presence gives to the university significance and dignity, to the enjoyment of whose instruction or inspiration the student will look back in after years as a never-to-be-forgotten privilege. Some such there are; but, in comparison not merely with an ideal possibility, but with what is actually found in foreign universities, they are not many.

Beside this question, all matters of mere "management" are trivial. And it is for this reason, more than any other, that we have always regarded the magnifying of questions of administration in our American universities as so deplorable. To get men of real power into the professorships—that is the great problem. The question of salaries no doubt needs serious consideration; though even here the magnifying of administration adds to the difficulty, for a due recognition of the paramount importance of the professor would naturally tend to the making of such salaries as are needed to render professorships fairly attractive in a material sense. But important as this material side is, even more important are the less tangible elements that fix the character of the professorial life. These cannot be had, indeed, simply by taking thought; the slow growth of tradition, and the temper of the national life as a whole, are preponderating factors. But we may help the growth of the tradition; and we may modify the influence of the national temper on the subject, for better or worse. As far back as Tyndall's visit to this country, in the early seventies, the British scientist took occasion to exhort his American audiences to prevent the waste of scientific genius which he found going on here, as illustrated in the case of a Joseph Henry abandoning physical research for administrative duties. We must make the life of the scholar and scientist attractive not merely in point of salary, but in point of honor, of leisure, of sympathetic environment; and all other tasks of university presidents and university trustees are of small moment in comparison.

ON CLASSIC SOIL.

The Kaiser's feelings with regard to the Balkan War are not altogether the sentiments of the Kaiser's numerous professors of ancient history and classic philology. German scholars are, as a whole, good patriots. Oftentimes, in fact, German scholarship has been too patriotic and has wandered off into fantastic histories and ethnologies to bolster up Teutonic race-pride and the dreams of empire. Still, the Pan-Germanist does not always or altogether drive out the scholar. While the German War Office has been anxiously watching the progress of the Balkan allies as announcing the rise of a Slav Power in the Near East, inimical to German ambitions, many a German classicist, *ordinarius*, *extraordinarius*, or *privat dozent*, has probably been taking joy in the historic background against which the war has been fought. The cable dispatches bristle with names which carry the mind back 2,000 years and more to the time when Greeks and Romans and barbarians waged war in these places. And still further back the mind goes to the first traditions and mythologies whose homes were on the mountains and in the river valleys that are being daily spelled out—and sometimes erroneously—by the busy copy reader.

One need not even be a German professor to catch the thrill of that ancient world. It is sufficient to have made one's way through Professor Myers's Ancient History in preparation for the entrance examinations, to have struggled manfully through the thirty daily lines in the Iliad, to have memorized the dates for the Peloponnesian War, to have entered upon a mere bowing acquaintance with Alexander of Macedon, Cæsar, and Brutus. A Turkish army is now encamped on the plains of ancient Troy, in anticipation of a landing by the Greek forces. Can one blame the professor of classic philology at the University of Weissnichtwo, if, forgetting for the moment that his interest as a German subject demands the defeat of the Greeks by the Turks, he catches himself longing for a repetition of the good fight in which King Priam's Asiatic troops went down before King Agamemnon's men? Another Greek army is now in possession of Salonica, almost in the shadow of Mt. Olympus, whose radiant deities probably hold no appeal to the Slavicized, Saracenized, Normanized, and Wallachinized soldiers of the Greek Crown Prince, but do cast their magic spell on the bald and bespectacled scholar at Weissnichtwo. The Bulgarian cannon are at work on the banks of the Maritza, that River Hebrus whose shores echoed the magic notes of Orpheus's lyre, down whose waters floated the poet's dismembered body, a victim of the Thracian Mænads, frenzied practitioners of women's rites. The peninsula of Gallipoli is the Thracian Chersonesus. Not many miles from where Enver Bey's expeditionary force was routed and driven into the sea by the Bulgarians, Lysander and his Spartans rushed the Athenian fleet at Ægospotami, and the naval glory of the violet-crowned city was gone for ever.

Many of the old names have survived —Thrace, Macedonia, Rhodope, Bosphorus, Hellespont, and the entire galaxy of Ægean islands. Many of the names survive in mutilated form. Salonica is the Thessalonica of the Romans, with whose inhabitants Paul, the great letter-writer, was in active correspondence. The village of Filibijek is Philippi, another city whose interests Paul had close at heart, and not long

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before his time the trysting place designated by Cæsar's vengeful ghost with Brutus. Scutari, where the Montenegrins are battling so desperately, is Scodra of the Illyrians, which succumbed to the Romans the same year that the Macedonian kingdom fell before them at Pydna. The river Struma is Strymon of the classic poets. Durazzo, which will be the principal port of the new Albania, is Dyrrhachium, and before that it was Epidamnus. Many great names have vanished altogether from the common eye, but the vision of the scholar at Weissnichtwo will have no difficulty in piercing beneath the Sea of Marmora to recall the Propontis, or in seeing beyond the Black Sea the Euxine on which Jason's ship fought its way to the golden East. The Argo had neither twin-turbines nor Ritz-Carlton restaurants, but its name in men's hearts will probably outlive the Lusitania.

Our professor of classic philology at Weissnichtwo, being only human, is not inaccessible to certain twinges of self-interest. He has read that the Balkan War is to have an effect on woman's fashions; the Parisian dressmakers have decreed the revival of the military style in walking gowns. Our professor finds himself wondering whether the Balkan War will not have its effect on college fashions, whether a revival of interest in that classic world which is so real to him is not among the possibilities of the time.

THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI.

Which one of the gospel scenes has been most prolific in art and in literature? Prolific, of course, not in the mere aggregate of written or pictorial work, but in variety of motif and treatment. The most learned of us might be at a loss for a confident answer. There is the Nativity proper, there is the Baptism, the Last Supper, Christ before Pilate, the Crucifixion, the Ascension, all themes which have inspired numberless writers and artists. Yet in breadth, in variety, in ingenuity of treatment, the Adoration of the Magi seems to me, after a careful study of Hugo Kehrer's recent work,* to head the list. A feeling of amazement, almost of awe, comes over me at thought of the contrast between the simple story in Matthew and the grand altar-painting by Rogier van der Weyden or the quaintly garrulous German legend of the fifteenth century.

To do justice to Kehrer's scholarship one should write three technical reviews: in comparative theology, in comparative literature, in comparative art. Within narrow limits I can proffer only a few salient points.

The King James version speaks of "wise men." This is a mere euphemism for the Greek-Latin "magi." The exact term is significant; from magus to magician is but a step. Throughout the entire history of the legend there is evidence that the mysterious visitors were regarded as wonder-workers, though only beneficent ones. Thus, St. Elizabeth of Schönau, in the twelfth century, invokes the aid of Melchior, Balthasar, and Caspar in her ailments. Especially against the mysterious disease epilepsy was their aid invoked.

How, then, did the magi become kings? Through the accretion of Isaiah lx, 6, and especially of Psalm lxxii, 10: "The Kings of Tarshish and of the isles shall bring presents: the Kings of Sheba and Seba shall offer gifts." Thus, in the antiphonary usually ascribed to Gregory the Great, the verse from Matt. ii, 2: "We have seen his star in the east," is immediately preceded by the passage from Isaiah and immediately followed by the passage from the Psalm. So thoroughly accepted was the kingship of the magi that the Kings of France, England, and Burgundy were wont to appear in person at the Epiphany celebration and to offer gifts of gold, frankincense, and myrrh. This symbolic act survived as late as Henry VII of England.

Matthew does not specify the number of magi. Prior to the fourth century we note frescoes with two worshippers or with four. On the black marble vase, about 300 A. D., in the Kircherianum at Rome, are two groups of three figures each, six in all. We are to bear in mind that in plastic art even numbers are easier to group. From the fourth century on the number became fixed at three. This fixing was due primarily to a strict interpretation of the three gifts, each of which presupposes an individual giver. Possibly, also, the doctrine of the Trinity played a part, and a desire to give a representative to each of the then known three continents.

In the full development of the legend the magi-kings have names, Melchior, Balthasar, Caspar, and their ages are kept different. Melchior is an old man, Caspar a beardless youth, Balthasar a full-bearded man of middle age. This difference in age is doubtless a mere invention of popular fancy; it is more graphic, more picturesque. But the names, what is their origin? Passing over the "Collectanea et Flores," once attributed to Bede, but assuredly not by him, and written much later, Kehrer finds the earliest record in the "Excerpta Latina Barbari," a crude translation—by a Merowing monk of the sixth century—from an Alexandrian Greek monkish chronicle of about 500 A. D. In these Excerpts the names are Bithisarea, Melichior, Gathaspa. Evidently, they are corruptions of Greek forms; one may indeed expect anything from a translator who renders Παῖδες Κασάνδρου by *pedes Casandrus!* Melchior is the Greek transliteration of a Hebrew name meaning "god of light." Bithisar, properly Baltasar, points to Belteshassar, the Chaldee name given to the Hebrew prophet in Daniel i, 7. The third name is more puzzling. Kehrer favors the explanation that Gathaspa is the mutilation of Godaphar, for Gundaphara, in Greek writing Γουνδαφόρος, the name of a king in northwestern India in the first century. Gundaphorus was an actual, not a mythical, king; his name occurs in inscriptions and on coins. His fabulous conversion to Christianity, however, forms the substance of one of the chapters in the apocryphal Acts of Thomas.

That the magi-kings did not travel to Palestine afoot is a safe inference, though Matthew is silent. In pictorial art they are usually riding on horses; sometimes, however, dromedaries or camels are introduced. This is not surprising in view of "the multitude of camels" and dromedaries in Isaiah lx, 6. In proportion as Christian art became more Occidental, more chivalric I might say, the horses became kingly chargers. This is strikingly manifest in a psalter in the royal print-cabinet at Berlin. To the left the kings approach on prancing steeds; to the left, but without any line of demarcation, the three dismounted confront the sitting Mother and Child.

In Germany the magi are popularly known as the Three Kings of Cologne. An unsophisticated English reader might well ask what connection there can be between Cologne and Bethlehem. The only historical evidence in our possession is this: In the year 1158, in Milan, were unearthed three sarcophagi, popularly supposed to contain the remains of the three kings, which had been brought to Milan from Constantinople by Eustorgius, a Greek bishop of Milan, in the fourth or in the sixth century. When, in 1162, Milan was surrendered to Frederick Barbarossa, the Emperor gave the sarcophagi to Reinald von Dassel, chancellor and archbishop of Cologne, who in 1164 transferred them to Cologne. They are now in a special chapel of the great cathedral. But how the remains got to Constantinople—tradition reports that the Empress Helen, mother of Constantine, deposited them in St. Sophia—and how they got from Constantinople to Milan, to all such questions there is no answer.

In the calendar the Adoration is celebrated on the sixth of January, Epiph-

**Die Heiligen Drei Könige in Literatur und Kunst.* Von Hugo Kehrer. Band I, Literarischer Teil; Band II, Kunstgeschichtlicher Teil. Leipzig: Seemann.

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any. The Nativity, December 25, is, of course, a separate feast, and in the earlier Christian period the two were carefully distinguished. But later, both in art and in literature, the disposition grew stronger and stronger to amalgamate the two, at least in the sense that the Adoration absorbed certain features of the Nativity. In other words, the Matthew story borrowed certain incidents of the Luke story. In Luke we read of the apparition of the angels to the shepherds and of the shepherds visiting the child in the manger. Matthew does not represent the magi as worshipping Christ in a manger; rather in a "house." But later Christian art and literature do offer the combination. Thus, in Rogier's painting we see Mother and Child seated in a stable-like building, on their right an ox and an ass. To the question, Whence the two animals? the answer is easy enough; they are apocryphal. Pseudo-Matthew, ch. xiv, says:

> The most blessed Mary . . . put her child in a manger, and the ox and the ass adored Him. Then was fulfilled that which was spoken by Isaiah the prophet, who said, The ox doth know his owner, and the ass his master's crib. (See Isaiah i, 3.)

In a curious fourth-century sarcophagus relief in the Lateran Museum the child is not in the mother's lap, but lies in a basket over which stand the ox and the ass; behind these stand three magi, followed by a camel heavily laden. The mother is seated; but between her and the crib stands a shepherd. In another Lateran sarcophagus, also of the fourth century, there are two separate reliefs. One represents the child in the crib, over which lean the ox and the ass; the other represents three magi bringing gifts to the child seated in the mother's lap. In the background are the heads of three camels.

In vernacular literature the Adoration-theme did not at first spread rapidly. Old English poetry does not mention it, although we might have expected an allusion at least in Cynewulf's "Christ." Old German, however, is better off. The author of the "Heliand" tells of the star, *cunningstero*, and of the kings, *threa thegnos snello*. Also Otfrid tells of the magi, *thie wisun man*. In the twelfth century Wernher of Tegernsee tells of the three Kings of Chaldea and their dromedaries. Also French poetry of the twelfth century introduces the story. Yet the chief literary impulse came from the Latin liturgical drama. By "liturgical drama" I do not imply that such dramatic movements, even in their earliest forms, were ever an integral part of the service. They were merely an outgrowth of the liturgy, acted in connection with it and acted by priests or other ecclesiastics. They were, in essence, "tropes," that is, expansions of a liturgical verse.

The best example is also the earliest. It is an Epiphany festival at the Church of St. Martin, Limoges, in the eleventh century. After the choir has sung the offertory, three clerics, attired in silk and wearing golden crowns and carrying golden beakers, enter by the main choir portal and sing the story of the three kings and the star. Each king in turn interprets his gift: gold, or frankincense, or myrrh. They greet the star, a light hanging by a chord, with the Epiphany antiphon: *Hoc est signum magni regis.* They then lay their offerings, the three beakers, upon the main altar. Thereupon a choir-boy, behind the altar, sings as angel the Nativity message: *Nuntium vobis fero de supernis, Natus est Christus dominator orbis, in Bethlehem Judæa; sic enim propheta dixerat ante.* The reader will note the blending of the two gospels.

In simple dignity this dramatic movement of Limoges is a worthy counterpart of the more celebrated Easter movement, *Quem quæritis in sepulchro*, which is justly regarded as the beginning of our mediæval drama. The simple three-kings drama, however, rapidly expanded until it became what is called a cyclical drama, presenting not only the Adoration and the Nativity, with the shepherds, but also Herod and the Innocents, and even distinctly apocryphal elements, *e. g.*, the *obstetrices* Zelomi and Salome mentioned in Pseudo-Matthew and the Gospel of James. Still later the three-kings drama was secularized, that is, withdrawn from the church building and service and written and acted in the vernacular. Thus it became a part of the general religious drama of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; it ceased to be a religious function and became a quasi-religious spectacle.

One feature of this secularization calls for special mention, namely, the disposition to represent the youngest of the kings, Caspar, as a Moor, that is, a negro, and to give him a more or less humorous cast. In fact, the German name Kasper, Kasperle, has long been a nickname for a person who makes himself ridiculous in one way or another. Thus the reverend magus has joined the company of Noah the patriarch and Herod the grim tyrant. In Mabuse's painting he is a full-blooded negro, but without suggestion of humor.

The theological features of the Adoration-story have been treated by Kehrer at great length; especially the relation between Nativity and Epiphany. That the story of the magi and the mysterious star is an interpolation, an Oriental myth or legend, will be readily admitted by all who are not slaves of the letter. To begin with, the star points to the remoter Orient, to Mesopotamia and Persia. The magi represent priests of Mithras, god of the sun, the composition of the legend reflects the establishment of the Mithras cult in the Hellenistic Roman world about 100 A. D. Possibly, the journey of the magi may be a dim echo of the tributary journey of Tiridates, King of Parthia, to the Emperor Nero, in 66 A. D. At any rate, the second chapter of Matthew is an attempt on the part of Christianity to adjust itself to a formidable Mithras cult; in fact, to overcome by assimilating. Church history is full of such adjustments. The language of Matthew is highly descriptive: "They fell down and worshipped him," a fair rendering of πεσόντες προσεκύνησαν αὐτῷ. So the magi *prostrate* themselves. Now, it is highly significant that the earliest Christian art does not depict the magi as prostrate. The earliest catacomb fresco, from the beginning of the third century, depicts two youngish men standing one on each side of the seated mother. Another catacomb fresco, from the end of the third century, depicts four men, two on a side, all standing. The Kircherianum marble vase, about 300 A. D., depicts six standing figures, three on a side. Clearly, then, nascent Christian art did not attempt προσκύνησις. The explanation is that Christian art followed the usage of pagan art, and depicted the magi in the attitude of Mithras priests bringing gifts to their god. In such offerings the priest stands, for the giving is free, spontaneous; whereas prostration is servile, is a sign of defeat, the attitude of the conquered towards the conqueror. On this point we need only contrast the three priests standing before their sun-god (on a Babylonian cylinder), or the Heddernheimer Mithras relief, with the Theodosian obelisk (Constantinople), on which we see conquered barbarians kneeling and offering war-tribute to the Emperor.

To one unfamiliar with the evolution of Catholic doctrine, the prominence of Epiphany will be puzzling. Certainly to most Protestants the mere adoration of unknown magi must have less significance than the actual birth of Christ. Yet the Epiphany rite is justified, both in logic and in psychology. The Eastern church always kept it in the foreground; yet to the Western church belongs the credit of its full justification. And in speaking of the Western church one should always have in mind Augustine. The bishop of Hippo it was whose unerring instinct and clear vision fastened upon the essentials of every question and formulated them for coming generations. Augustine's doctrine is to be found in his sermon on the Epiphany:

> This festival, which we celebrate to-day, my brethren, is called Epiphany, that is, Apparition or Manifestation, because on it Christ was manifested, under the guidance of the star, to the Gentiles, and on this day was baptized by John, and on this day, by the power of God, turned the water into wine.

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In other words, the magi *symbolized the Gentiles*, and Christ's manifestation to them, rather than his mere incarnation, is the main thing; his baptism is the dedication to this *world-mission;* his first miracle is the *evidence* of divine consecration. No doctrine could be formulated more succinctly yet more comprehensively.

Many other issues are touched upon by Kehrer. Yet I must pass them over for want of space. Still less can I afford to discuss with him points on which there might be some difference of opinion. In one place only have I detected what seems to be an obvious error. In Volume I, p. 49, he remarks that the diminutive 'Fanny, for Epiphany, is common folk-usage in England. There is no such form cited in the Oxford Dictionary or in the Dialect Dictionary. Such clipping would be contrary to the phonology of our folk-speech. Epiphany could yield only 'Piphany, or 'Piffany, in analogy with 'pistle, 'postle. Volume II is a monumental specimen of iconography. Apart from the Rogier frontispiece, there are 348 text-illustrations, ranging in size from medallion to half-page, and even full-page. For the work as a whole one can scarcely render adequate thanks to author and to publisher.

In taking leave of the Adoration, I venture upon one general remark. We hear much at the present day of "comparative literature," yet no one seems able to define the term. Certainly I have not the courage for a definition. Yet Kehrer's work seems to me an admirable exhibition of the thing itself. Starting with the simplest conceivable theme, the author leads his reader century by century through the ramifications of literature and art and makes him see, almost feel, the theme growing from generation to generation. The reader journeys from Orient to Occident and back again, meeting on the way pagan priests and Christian priests and even popes. And when the reader closes at the last page he knows that he has mastered a mighty chapter in the world's history. This, I judge, is real comparative literature. J. M. Hart.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

New volumes of Mr. Charles Evans's "American Bibliography" continue to come steadily from the press, Vol. VII, covering the books of four years only, 1786 to 1789 inclusive, having just been delivered to subscribers. The total number of items described thus far is 22,298, of which 2,849 are issues of these four years and are included in the present volume. All seventeenth-century North American imprints are without exception of value and interest to the collector, as are many of the issues of the earlier years of the eighteenth century. But as we approach more recent dates, with the number of printers and the output of their presses increasing so rapidly, the comparative value and interest of the books decrease. The number of collectors' books of great value described in the present volume are very few, the first New York Directory (1786) being the only one which could be put in the first class. And we may here note that, though the Hoe copy of this little book brought $2,275 at auction in 1911, Mr. Evans gives the "auction value" of the book as $100! In the few cases in which auction values are given, the records are generally those of thirty years or so ago. It is as well, perhaps, that in most cases this column has been left unfilled.

The list of editions of the Constitution given by Mr. Evans is the longest, we believe, ever compiled. It contains some fourteen editions of 1787 which were not known to Paul Leicester Ford when he compiled his "Bibliography of the Constitution" in 1896. The Constitution in its first printed form was on seven leaves, printed on one side only. It represented the conclusions of the "committee of five" brought in on August 6, 1787. Instead of the familiar "We, the People of the United States," the preamble reads: "We the People of the States of New-Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode-Island and Providence Plantations, Connecticut, New-York, New-Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North-Carolina, South-Carolina, and Georgia, do ordain, declare, and establish the following Constitution for the government of ourselves and our posterity." Only a few copies (probably sixty) were printed for the use of members of the Convention.

The second printing, being the document as brought in by "the committee on style and arrangement" on September 13, has the final preamble, with the exception of a single word. It reads: "union, to establish justice," the "to" being struck out later.

After its adoption by the Convention, the Constitution was promptly reprinted, either as a folio sheet of one or two leaves, or as a small pamphlet, generally of eight leaves, by various enterprising printers throughout the country. Official editions, for the use of the members of the State conventions, were printed by some of the States. Folio, or broadside, editions were within a few months printed in Philadelphia, New York, Boston, Providence, New Haven, Portsmouth, N. H.; Carlisle, Pa.; Norfolk, Va., and Alexandria, Va. Pamphlet editions were printed in Philadelphia, New York, Boston, Hartford, Richmond, Poughkeepsie, and New Brunswick, N. J. Two editions in Dutch were printed in Albany and one in German in Frederickstown, Md.

An increasing number of newspapers made their appearance during the period covered by this volume, and in many cases Mr. Evans has given us interesting information about them, which, as it is in a comparatively new field, could not have been easily come by.

Of the eighteenth annual volume of "American Book-Prices Current" (Dodd & Livingston), 540 copies have been printed. The edition is kept down to virtually the number of advance subscribers, and recent volumes have been out of print almost upon publication. This is a compilation which is of little or no use to the ordinary reader, but which the buyer of out-of-print books, whether he be collector, agent, or librarian, keeps constantly within reach of his hand. The present volume, covering the season of 1911 and 1912, contains records of sales of 15,471 lots. The bulk of the volume is made up of records of the second and third Hoe sales. It is unfortunate that the records of the sale of this great library should be distributed throughout three volumes of the "Prices Current."

The series of articles by J. H. Hessels which have appeared at intervals during the last three years in the English monthly, the *Library*, have now been reprinted as a volume, with the title, "The Gutenberg Fiction: A Critical Examination of the Documents Relating to Gutenberg, Showing that He Was Not the Inventor of Printing." Mr. Hessels has been a frequent writer on the Gutenberg question; in 1882 he published "Gutenberg: Was He the Inventor of Printing?" and, in 1887, "Haarlem: The Birthplace of Printing, Not Mentz." He is easily the greatest living exponent of the Coster legend, so-called, and the chief opponent of the claims that printing with movable types was invented, or first practiced, by John Gutenberg. It is hard to believe that the eminent Dr. Karl Dziatzko, Gottfried Zedler, Dr. Paul Schwenke, and other German bibliographers, who during the last quarter-century have been making such minute studies of every scrap of early printing, have been so influenced by patriotism as emphatically to acknowledge the claims of Gutenberg and Mentz against the evidence. No one can pass understandingly upon Mr. Hessels's statements without first going over the work of the German students. We leave his book to the consideration of the specialists, only saying that here is a good presentation of the other side of the question. Mr. Hessels will have to make many more converts before the honors which have been piled upon John Gutenberg are stripped from his shoulders.

The list of broadsides and books from the Gutenberg types, which was drawn up from Schwenke and other German bibliographers, and which fills pages 82 to 96, is, we believe, the most extensive so far printed in any English book. The volume, 230 pages, has apparently been printed from the types of the *Library* at different times, as it is on at least three different kinds of paper. It is published in London by Alexander Moring.

Correspondence

PROGRESSIVES AND REPUBLICANS IN MICHIGAN.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: My attention has been called to an editorial paragraph in the issue of the *Nation* of February 20, in which you say:

A State that gave the Roosevelt electors a plurality of 60,000 last November would seem to be one that was particularly without excuse for harboring any dickering or deals between the saints and sinners, yet Michigan actually leads the way in a reuniting of the Republicans and the Progressives. The latter made the platform, which is so mediæval as to except judges from its proposal for the adoption of the recall, and the former have the satisfaction of marching under the same old banner which, up to June 18 last year, even the Colonel held sacred. This unholy alliance proves that, however it may be in New York, former Chairman Hotchkiss's recent statement at Albany is not of universal application. The Progressive leader

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remarked: "I am safe in saying that the Progressives would not enter the same room with the Republican leaders." He, or at least his chief, will be constrained to revise this assertion, however, when they give due consideration to the battle-cry of the Michigan Republicans. "Get together and fight the Democrats" was the heaven-sent word that dispelled all anger and threw brother once more into brother's arms.

There is and was absolutely no justification in fact for such a statement. I have taken the trouble to examine in a number of newspapers the press reports of both the Republican and the Progressive State Conventions of Michigan. They were held on separate dates, one week apart. Approximately 1,000 delegates attended the Progressive Convention, which was held at Battle Creek—a larger number than attended the Republican Convention, which was held at Lansing.

The Republican Convention was held on February 11. Previous to the assembling of the delegates there had been a good deal of newspaper talk of strife between the regular and the so-called "progressive" Republican factions. It was a strife entirely within the party and had no reference whatever to or connection with the Progressive party. Certain members of the Republican party in Michigan, as elsewhere, are merely seeking to procure political benefit to themselves by calling themselves "progressives," while they in fact continue to act with the hide-bound reactionary Republican party. It is a palpable hypocritical pretence for political revenue only and is not entitled to credit or trust from straightforward persons anywhere.

In full accord with their previous performances, many Republican and other reactionary newspapers in their reports of the Republican State Convention in Michigan contrived to create the impression, chiefly through headlines, that there had been a readjustment between the Progressives and the Republicans.

The Progressive State Convention was held at Battle Creek on February 18. It was marked by harmony and enthusiasm throughout. It nominated candidates for the nine State offices to be filled at the spring election, adopted a platform, and adopted rules for party procedure in Michigan aimed at making the party at all times responsive to the will of the voters themselves. In a few minutes of one session devoted to providing funds for the campaign, more than $4,000 was subscribed for that purpose.

These facts show the entire lack of foundation for your editorial quoted above.

O. K. Davis,
Secretary of the Progressive National Committee.

Washington, D. C., March 7.

[Both the news dispatches printed in the New York papers and the comment in the Michigan press were such as to produce a confusion between the Progressives and the progressive faction of the Republican party. We are glad to print this authoritative correction.—Ed. Nation.]

ALLEGORY IN THE "VITA NUOVA."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The theory that Dante's "Vita Nuova" is an allegory of some sort is remarkably tenacious of life. It is no kitten, but a battle-scarred veteran of defeats, with many lives, whose nature it is to come back. "Many," indeed, have not only "suspected allegorical intent in the 'New Life,'" (to quote the article by Professor Fletcher in the *Nation* of January 30), but have valiantly struggled to prove it. In recent times its most able advocate has been E. V. Zappia in his "Studi sulla Vita Nuova di Dante" (Rome, 1904), a book to which Michele Barbi devoted more than eighteen pages of destructive criticism in the *Bullettino d. Società Dantesca* (XII, 204 ss.).

One gathers the misleading impression that the theory proposed has some novelty in that the reality of Beatrice is not denied; but that was also the position of H. Cochin in the Introduction to his translation of the "Vita Nuova" (Paris, 1908), and he also held, as does Mr. Fletcher, that the "gentle lady" of §36 is a symbol of "active life." Cochin's theory has been gently disposed of by Francesco Flamini in the *Rassegna Bibliografica* (XVII. 6-13).

The objections to his theory, which are raised by Mr. Fletcher himself, in order to destroy them, are easily overcome. Of a very different constitution are those made by Barbi and Flamini, which he does not mention.

Aside from the plausibility of the allegory proposed—which is the main argument—positive arguments favoring the theory are: First, that the religious cult of a mortal woman is impossible in Dante, because of his scholastic training. This contention has been effectively answered by Professor Wilkins (*Nation*, February 13), who points out that the worship of an idealized woman is not only a Provençal and Sicilian tradition, but is exemplified in that poem of Guinicelli, the confessed master of Dante, which is directly referred to in the "Vita Nuova." It is true that the interpretation based on Casini's imperfect text, which Mr. Wilkins adopts, is open to criticism, but that does not affect his reasoning.

Secondly, Mr. Fletcher reminds us that Dante says in the "Convivio," which is an allegorical work, that he does not intend, by the different manner of this book, to throw any slight upon the "Vita Nuova," but to "strengthen it" ("giovare"). The passage in question should, however, be taken in connection with the latter part of the same sentence: "seeing that the former [the 'Vita Nuova'] must reasonably be fervid and passionate, the latter [the 'Convivio'] temperate and virile." And the poet continues explaining that the "Vita Nuova" was written during his adolescence, and that what is suitable to one age is unsuitable to another. The "Convivio," as he had planned it, was to be a monumental work of adult reason, and so could not but add dignity to a small, youthful, unallegorical work by the same author; it would, in fact, confirm what he had said at the beginning of the latter book, that at no time had love ruled him "without the faithful counsel of reason."

But the true test of the credibility of the allegory lies, we are told, in its plausibility, and accordingly it is explained that Beatrice symbolizes blessedness, earthly while she is on earth, heavenly after her death. To the possession of first one and then the other kind of blessedness, Dante is led by love, which symbolizes "holy love or charity towards men and God," in spite of "those pleasing ladies, screens of his blessed lady," who are symbols of earthly pleasures, and lastly in spite of the "consoling lady" (the "gentil donna" of section 36) who represents "active life."

The degree of plausibility claimed by the "allegorist" must be left to the judgment of the reader, but as one reads this interpretation, which lies so close to the evident, literal meaning of the story, a doubt arises as to whether Mr. Fletcher has not after all confused allegory with idealization, especially as he has already called Cavalcanti's scientific treatise on love "an allegorical ode"! Nevertheless, if Beatrice, love, the ladies of the screen, and the "gentle lady" are symbols of something else, he must mean real allegory, threadbare though it may be.

No theory of allegory, however, can be established until many questions asked years ago have first been answered. Some of them are as follows: In the "Convivio" the "gentle lady" is declared to have been an allegorical figure representing philosophy, but nothing is said as to an allegorical meaning of Beatrice, who, in this work, takes a secondary place. Are heavenly and earthly blessedness inferior to philosophy? If the "Vita Nuova" is an allegory representing Dante led to the possession of earthly blessedness, and Beatrice a symbol of earthly (as well as heavenly) blessedness, should not Dante, at some time in the story, possess Beatrice? If the work were an allegory, would Dante devote so much space in section 25 to defending himself for having personified love? Lastly, is it not Dante's doctrine (Conv. II, 1) that the literal sense of an allegory is an artistic fiction, and if so, how could real events be used by him as the literal sense of an allegorical narrative?

This is not the place for detailed argument, but it seems to me that the ghost of allegory in the "Vita Nuova" ought not to be allowed to walk again, or, if it be, its past record should be cleared, so that it may appear as a respectable spook with good references.

J. E. Shaw.

Johns Hopkins University, February 27.

PHONETIC SPELLING.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The following letter, received by the College of Agriculture at the University of Wisconsin, may interest your readers. Not unnaturally, it was at first regarded as having been written in some strange European dialect, and was passed on to my polyglot colleague, Professor Prokosch, who takes the writer to be a Czech living among German-American farmers. I transcribe literally:

juplis Sintmi lidlbet som kajn sit cum trajn tobaku sit Cebic sit Anjens sit tomitos sit bic sit persin sit klober sit svit Corn sit Begi sit Flat tenap sit Cjun Cumbrist sit.

jer (?) Trulli
Anton Roth
Blaack River Falls
R 7 Viss

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The translation offers only slight difficulties as soon as one has grasped the fact that the letter is supposed to be English, transliterated by means of European vowels:

You please send me little bit some kinds seed can try [*i. e.*, for instance, perhaps] tobacco seed cabbage seed onion seed tomato seed beet seed parsnip seed clover seed sweet corn seed [ruta] baga seed flat turnip seed cucumber seed yours [the only word illegibly written, perhaps indicating, as Professor Prokosch suggests, that in this case he was willing to admit a little uncertainty about his English!] truly.

Phonetically interesting are "train" and "cjun," in both of which the *n* represents his attempt to convey the strong nasal of the American pronunciation; further, "lidl," as it is frequently spoken in these parts, "bet" for *bit*, because our *i* is open, and "Begi" for *baga*, also an unfamiliar sound to him. B. Q. MORGAN.

University of Wisconsin, March 6.

"NEVER LESS ALONE THAN WHEN ALONE."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Prof. Lane Cooper, in *Modern Language Notes* (26, 7, 232), quotes Cowley to the effect that the thought expressed in the line quoted above was "now become a very vulgar saying," and "every Man and almost every Boy for these seventeen hundred years, has had it in his mouth." Such being the case, it is no surprise to find that Shakespeare has the thought clearly in mind in the first quarto version of "Romeo and Juliet" (I, i, 134):

I, measuring his affections by my own,
That most are busied, when they're most alone,
. . . . . .
Pursued my humour, . . .

The same apothegm is at the bottom of a much-discussed passage in the "Tempest" (III, i, 17):

I forget:
But these sweet thoughts, doe euen refresh my labours,
Most busie lest [=least], when I doe it.

As Dr. Furness pointed out, this passage staggers under a heavier weight of comment than any other in Shakespeare. Yet Ache (*Notes and Queries*, 1S, III, 229) is the one among the interpreters of this passage to connect the thought of the italicized line with Cicero's words (De Off., 3, 1), "numquam se minus otiosum esse quam quum otiosus, nec minus solum quam quum solus esset." Evidently, what is not clear in this passage to our day, was obvious to Cowley's age with its knowledge of the "vulgar saying" quoted above. No word of explanation was needed then to make clear that Ferdinand's "sweet thoughts" were so engrossing, that when he appeared least busy, he was in reality most busy.

Further evidence of the popularity of this apothegm is found in "A Cure for a Cuckold," (I, i, p. 290, Dyce Edition of J. Webster), where it is quoted:

I have heard some say,
Men are ne'er less alone than when alone,
Such power hath meditation.

M. P. TILLEY.

University of Michigan, March 5.

A FRIEND OF THACKERAY'S.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have in my possession a manuscript letter of Thackeray, which has no address or date. It begins as follows:

You got Sporus's letter from the Reform Club last night? He received your gilded volumes this morning. He has 2 on 'em now. I also think I perceive likenesses of myself in the Standard Footman, in Sir Oswald Moody, in the Plausible Man, in Felix Flutter, and the Link boy. Cruel woman! Why do you take off our likenesses in that way?

There is more of the letter, but nothing to show to whom it was written. It is signed: "Yours with a considerable sincerity, W. M. T."

Who is the authoress, a friend of Thackeray, who wrote of the "Standard Footman," "Sir Oswald Moody," "Felix Flutter," etc ?

Lady Ritchie, who has seen her father's letter, does not know; and so far all efforts to determine the person have been futile. Can any of your readers throw light on the subject? THOMAS M. OSBORNE.

Auburn, N. Y., March 8.

Literature

GEORGE GISSING.

The Private Life of Henry Maitland. By Morley Roberts. New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.25 net.

George Gissing: A Critical Study. By Frank Swinnerton. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. $2.50 net.

Unfortunate in his life, it seems as if Gissing were destined to be unfortunate also in death. His friends and quasi-friends have taken pains to let us know that there is a certain amount of error, if not downright humbug, in the legend of his extreme poverty, at least after his first years in London. But in all conscience there remains enough of hardship in his career, for much of which he was no doubt responsible in a way, to exact pity from the most unfeeling. Nor will this feeling be diminished by the patronizing and unsavory biography just published by Mr. Roberts under the thin disguise of fiction. There is no attempt to conceal the fact that "Henry Maitland" is George Gissing, and other persons, some of them, like Mr. H. G. Wells, still living, are plainly indicated under their false names. The procedure is a bit offensive. If Mr. Roberts could not relate the facts as frank biography, he should have kept silence; to approach them in this oblique fashion gives the impression that he is ashamed of the man whose friend he proclaims himself to be. The fame of Gissing suffers from the fact that some of his best novels are out of print and extremely difficult to obtain. It seems unnecessary that his personal reputation should also suffer from distortion.

Mr. Roberts was for a number of years the most intimate acquaintance of Gissing in London, and it may be assumed that the broad outlines of his narrative are substantially correct, although in one important matter there is at least a conflicting tradition. According to Mr. Roberts, who was at school with Gissing, the latter became entangled with a girl of the street, stole money from the coat-room of the school, was caught, and sent to jail for three months, and, on release, married the girl. The story in the main is true, and has been known to a number of people, but some of those who have a right to speak on the subject give a different color to the motives, maintaining that Gissing, then a young and ardent idealist, was led to pilfer for the girl for the purest reasons of charity. The story is distressing under any form, and there is no reason in the world, save a novelist's prurient conscience, why it should ever have been made public. From that mishap flowed most of the misery of Gissing's life, and much, no doubt, of his estrangement from society. He could not after a while live with the woman, who became a besotted drunkard, but until her death he cared for her at a great sacrifice. If he erred, he nobly atoned.

It is unnecessary to follow the events of Gissing's career as they are unfolded by Mr. Roberts. But of his mind and character a word must be said. He is represented as utterly unpractical, and this weakness cannot be denied. But other friends, since Mr. Roberts's revelations, have stepped forward to say that, though the portrait is in a certain sense accurately drawn, it nevertheless gives in the end a false impression. Gissing comes out of the ordeal of his friend's analysis, a weakling, rather repulsive in his intellectual snobbishness, rather unclean in his habits; we have reason to believe he was none of these things, though he was undoubtedly erratic.

So, too, the biography shows us a literary man, toiling at his desk eight or nine hours a day; and we hear Mr. Roberts complain that, because he cannot work in that way, therefore Gissing "had no earthly business to be writing novels and spinning things largely out of his subjective mind, when he ought to have been dealing with the objective world, or with books." No doubt Gissing was an exacting worker; but so was Balzac, yet we do not hear the French writer criticised therefor, as not "dealing with the objective world." Furthermore, such days of long labor at the desk were broken by intervals of different kinds of activity. Gissing, for one thing, was a lover of books, and among the best-read men in the classics in the history of English letters; he was one of the men to whom the British Museum was a second home. But he read the world also. He had the seeing eye

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and the understanding brain, and, though some phases of society were unknown to him, he had passed through strange and deep personal experiences, and, altogether, he had probably more direct acquaintance with "life," in the sense in which Mr. Roberts's school uses that mystic word, than had Thackeray.

Again, in "Henry Maitland" we see Gissing in his hilarious rhapsodies over Greek metres, and here the biographer is at his best—but why the slurring comment: "Anything which broke up his little semi-classic universe, the literary hut which he had built for himself as a shelter from the pitiless storm of cosmic influences, made him angry and uneasy for days and weeks"? The fact is—and this impression which one may get from Gissing's books is confirmed by the report of various people who had personal knowledge of the man—the intellectual temperament of Mr. Roberts is so radically different from Gissing's that the friendship between the two men must have been always intellectually and morally superficial. We are warned against "The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft" as a misleading picture of the writer. That book, written in Gissing's later years, somewhat idealizes, or rather misrepresents by selection, the trials of the earlier London days, but in the more essential things, in its portrayal of the author's mental and artistic moods and processes, it is amply veracious, and a far safer characterization to read than "The Private Life of Henry Maitland."

Something of the same sort must be said of Mr. Swinnerton's critical study. Let it be admitted at the outset and emphatically that Mr. Swinnerton is no commonplace writer, and that his pages contain many clever *aperçus* and many penetrating literary distinctions. We must insist also that whatever reservation we have in our admiration of his treatise is not due to the fact that his criticism follows the judicial rather than the sympathetic method.

The gist of Mr. Swinnerton's criticism comes about to this: Here is a powerful and distinguished writer, but I do not like him. Naturally, Mr. Swinnerton merely hints here and there at the elements in Gissing's work which give it power and distinction, and tells us with a good deal of repetition why he does not approve of that work. The counts of the charge are found in these scattered utterances:

> He [Gissing] was an essayist, a writer upon moral themes; and he began to write novels (p. 36).
>
> It was ambition—at conflict with itself, often varying, never defined by any instinct other than that of feverish application—that poisoned Gissing's life (p. 39).
>
> In the books about the lower classes there is a lack of knowledge, due to his own temperamental lack of sympathy with the life he is describing (p. 45).
>
> If we compare such an attitude with that of a supreme novelist of our time, Mr. Arnold Bennett, who is continually, as he expresses it, "savoring life," we shall see how little of the modern spirit of inquiry into phenomena Gissing possessed. He was, according to Mr. Morley Roberts, "an inverted idealist. He looks back" (p. 84).
>
> His imagination had been stultified by much reading, and his experience was so small and so shrinking as to be useless when it stood up to his ambitions (p. 114).

Now, one of these charges, repeated from Mr. Roberts, we may again repudiate as simply contrary to facts. Gissing's experience of life was indeed limited—what novelist's is not?—but by his own errors and by what he endured with his first wife, and to a less extent with his second wife, he had probably a deeper and more immediate knowledge of the "underworld" than any other distinguished novelist of England; yet it is in just those stories of "the lower classes" that Mr. Swinnerton again and again finds "lack of knowledge." As for saying his imagination was stultified by reading, that is merely a judgment born from the conceit of an unreading generation. By the same token we should find stultification in Dante and Spenser and Milton and Goethe and others of the great creators and interpreters of life.

By looking beneath the surface of Mr. Swinnerton's criticism, we find that his discontent—and the discontent of Mr. Roberts and others of their class—springs from certain fundamental limitations of the critic. In the first place, so far at least as we may judge from this book, he has no sense of the sheer charm of good writing. You may read through his pages without becoming acquainted with the fact that Gissing possessed one of the finest, purest, simplest, most sinuous styles of the later nineteenth century. Gissing's English in itself ought to give pleasure to those who can savor good craftsmanship. That Mr. Swinnerton apparently misses this savor, is due to a defect in his training or temperament. But his profounder divergence from Gissing is of another sort. Gissing carries in his imagination a large brooding sense of antiquity; his concern with the past is not displayed by pedantic allusions, but it colors and governs his whole emotional attitude towards the present. Mr. Swinnerton is a modernist quite cut off from this source of Gissing's inner emotional life. He therefore finds Gissing for the most part failing in sympathetic emotion. Gissing wrote of the underworld with a passionate understanding of its tragic and, at times, idyllic aspects, with alternating disgust and compassion for the life he knew, but with unfailing sense of personal responsibility and no tincture of the modern humanitarian confusion of the individual and the mass. Again, to a critic like Mr. Swinnerton he simply spoke from a world of unknown moral and artistic perceptions.

Some irritation is justifiable at the peculiar tone of Mr. Roberts and Mr. Swinnerton towards a novelist who has had more than his portion of adversity. But no sane admirer of Gissing would, on the other hand, wish to see him set critically beside the very greatest novelists; it is possible to appreciate and enjoy his work—or, if not enjoy, at least feel its veracity and power—without undue exaggeration. To the present writer Gissing seems likely in the end to take a place by the side of Hardy and above Meredith, but never by the side of Fielding or Thackeray or Dickens. He will miss that highest place, not because he read Roman history, or was greatly ambitious, or toiled at his desk, or was without the peculiar emotion of the modern sentimentalist, but for the good and simple reason that his genius was not quite of the highest order.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Frontiers of the Heart. By Victor Margueritte. Translated by Frederic Lees. New York: F. A. Stokes & Co.

The conflict between love and patriotism had been a favorite theme in our post-bellum fiction. A reader whose knowledge of the Civil War period was based entirely on novels might be led to suppose that a considerable proportion of the younger and handsomer officers in the Union army fell in love with fair rebels, and, after some natural tears had been shed, lived happy with them ever after. This we do not take to be the truth. But the frequency with which the situation has been employed by light-hearted romancers shows that there was nothing inherently unnatural or displeasing about it. There was no barrier of race or of ancestral enmity to be overcome by the lovers. However fierce a loyalty the Cause might exact, the simple human heart, North or South, was aware of no impassable frontiers. Hence the strange spectacle of political and military foes pausing in battle to chaff each other, to swap canteens and tobacco-pouches and stories, like neighborhood youngsters in the pauses of a game. And hence the internecine bolts of Cupid, and their value to the romancer.

M. Margueritte has a very different problem, and does not profess to bring it to a happy solution. His scene is Paris in the late sixties. His persons are the Ellangés, a typical French family of the better class, and Otto Rudheimer, a young physician of Hesse. Rudheimer and Marthe Ellangé, the one daughter of the family, love each other, and, against the strong opposition of

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her father, are married. For a time she is happy with her husband in his German home, but the war-cloud rises, and his position as surgeon in the army assumes meaning. While Marthe is visiting her parents in Paris, war breaks out. Two of her brothers fight for France: one is killed, and the other crippled for life. Marthe's feeling of race asserts itself, her passion turns from husband to fatherland. Rudheimer becomes an enemy in her eyes—a conquering and insolent enemy. The child who is born to her cannot draw them together, and becomes a bone of contention. Shall the boy be reared as a Frenchman or a German? Is he an Ellangé or a Rudheimer? Otto has the law on his side, of course; and the most favorable end which can be attained is a compromise due to his generosity. The frontiers of the heart cannot be crossed. The tale is told with simplicity and force, under the disadvantage here of an awkward translation.

The Browns. By J. E. Buckrose. New York: George H. Doran Co.

Another pleasant but not especially notable story by the author of "Down Our Street." The Browns are a large family connection descended from a well-to-do shipowner of Flodmouth. The mainspring of the action is the burning of a will under conditions which, to be sure, lend even that feat a touch of freshness. A spinster of the Browns is expected to leave her money to her niece, Margaret. Margaret is a nice girl, but covets the legacy for the sake of her mother, who has never been able to gratify her natural taste for "going it." So when the spinster aunt changes her mind, and shows Margaret a new will which leaves everything to a cousin, Gerald Brown, that young lady loses her temper and throws the will into the fireplace. The aunt, instead of calling for the police, smiles amiably, says that it will be easy enough to draw up another, and dies in the night. Thence the plot: Margaret decides to take the legacy secured to her by an earlier will. Young Gerald does not need the money, and her mother and she do. But young Gerald proves to be poor, comes to Flodmouth, embarks in the jam trade, falls in love with Margaret. She hates him because she has injured him, but finally, according to the ideas of justice prevalent in a certain type of fiction, determines that the only way to make up for her fault is to marry him. After a great deal of backing and filling, in the course of which Margaret discovers the startling fact that she loves Gerald, they stand on the brink of marriage, when Margaret finds that she must tell him all. She does.

"I don't care!" cries Gerald, coming up to the scratch like a man. "Whatever you did, I should still love you. If you murdered anybody—I should hate it—but I should still love *you*."

This, in a sterner sort of fiction, might be the starting-place of the real action. We should be shown how Gerald's faith in Margaret had been sapped—how, after the first blush of married experience, the foundations of their life began to give way—and so on. Mrs. Buckrose is content to "leave it at that."

Mrs. Mahoney of the Tenement. By Louise Montgomery. Boston: Pilgrim Press.

There are fashions in titles, and Mrs. Proper-name of the Wherever-you-like seems now to have made itself secure as a formula beside The Abstract-noun of Whomever-you-please. The one fashion was as plainly set by The Incarnation of Krishna Mulvaney and The Courting of Dinah Shadd, as the other was by Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Mrs. Mahoney is a pleasant addition to the tribe of missuses. The tenements among which she moves a goddess by virtue of her stalwart and humorous philosophy are her fit setting. And one is grateful for the restraint which protects her humor and sentiment from the grotesque exaggeration with which others of her kind have been handled for the popular market.

Left in Charge. By Victor L. Whitechurch. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

Mr. Whitechurch's way of diversifying his contributions to vicarage tea-table literature is to admit an occasional rumor or even personage from the great world—that wicked world so closely bound up with the Flesh and the Devil in the minds of all good churchmen—into some provincial stronghold of ecclesiastical propriety. The daring of this method can be properly appreciated only by those who have been closely confined to the said tea-table by their social and literary tastes. In this instance the intruder is the clergyman who takes charge of a country parish while its elderly vicar enjoys a much-needed vacation. The substitute does not look the parson in the least, being a vigorous middle-aged Englishman of the adventurous, empire-building type. He is explained as having been ordained in Australia, and it is some time before he is identified by an inquisitive rural dean as a man of some social celebrity who years ago had taken off to the colonies a reputation badly damaged in the divorce court. Meanwhile he has established himself in the esteem of his parishioners. Village prejudice has vanished before his practical knowledge and direct, unconventional methods. Over poachers and incorrigible bad boys his influence is markedly beneficent. Even the vicar's daughter, who had expected to manage the parish herself during her father's absence, has come to regard the usurper with admiring confidence. Moreover, there has been a highly mysterious piece of private detective work which saved the vicar's son from wrecking his diplomatic career. As no one but the reader has been admitted into this deep, dark secret, he alone can possibly foresee how little difficulty will attend the explaining away of the rural dean's horrid charge, and the persuasion of the vicar's daughter to accept promotion to the proud rank of clergyman's wife.

Whatever humor inheres in the incongruities of such a situation, the reader will have to extract it for himself. Mr. Whitechurch's style is simple and matter-of-fact beyond the point of virtue. As Gissing said of Trollope, "An admirable writer of the pedestrian school."

ECONOMIC SLAVERY.

The Servile State. By Hilaire Belloc. London: T. N. Foulis.

Substituting "capitalism" for "bourgeoisie," this book reads, in many of its passages, like the "Communist Manifesto" which Marx and Engels published in 1848. Eighty-five years ago it was written:

> The bourgeoisie, wherever it has got the upper hand, has put an end to all feudal, patriarchal, idyllic relations. It has pitilessly torn asunder the motley feudal ties that bound man to his "natural superiors," and has left remaining no other nexus between man and man than naked self-interest, than callous "cash payment." It has drowned the most heavenly ecstasies of religious fervor, of chivalrous enthusiasm, of philistine sentimentalism, in icy waters of egotistical calculation. It has resolved personal worth into exchange value, and in place of the numberless indefeasible chartered freedoms has set up that single unconscionable freedom—Free Trade. In a word, for exploitation, veiled by religious and political illusions, it has substituted naked, shameless, direct, brutal exploitation.

Marx and Engels were here speaking of the decline of the guilds and of the rise of the manufacturing system.

Contrasting the present situation with that under the guilds, Mr. Belloc says:

> For a society in which the determinant mass of families were owners of capital and of land; for one in which production was regulated by self-governing corporations of small owners, and for one in which the misery and insecurity of a proletariat was unknown, there came to be substituted the dreadful moral anarchy against which all moral effort is now turned, and which goes by the name of "Capitalism."

Karl Marx's utterance is more incisive than Hilaire Belloc's, but not more frank. Marx never made a bolder statement than the one with which the work before us begins. This book is written, declares Mr. Belloc, to prove that our

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modern free society, in which the means of production are owned by a few, being necessarily in unstable condition, is tending to reach a condition of stable equilibrium by the establishment of compulsory labor legally enforceable upon those who do not own the means of production for the advantage of those who do. With this principle of compulsion applied against the non-owners, there must also come a difference in their status; and in the eyes of society and of its positive law men will be divided into two sets: the first economically free and politically free, possessed of the means of production, and securely confirmed in that possession; the second economically unfree and politically unfree, but at first secured by their very lack of freedom in certain necessaries of life and in a minimum of well-being beneath which they shall not fall.

Two thousand years ago, we are told, the whole of society reposed upon one fundamental institution—slavery. This institution was everywhere present; nowhere disputed. To the end the pagan world remained a world of free proprietors possessed, in various degrees, of the land and of the capital whereby wealth may be produced, and applying to that land and capital, for the purpose of producing wealth, *compulsory* labor.

There was no pronouncement against slavery as an institution during the early Christian centuries, though it was none the less disappearing. The disappearance begins with the establishment, as the fundamental unit of production in Western Europe, of those great landed estates, commonly lying in the hands of a single proprietor, and generally known as Villæ. By the eleventh century the slave had been converted into the *serf*. He is then nearly a peasant. Among the institutions contributing to the death of the old slavery were the guilds. At the end of this period the state was an agglomeration of families of varying wealth, but by far the greater number owners of the means of production. The restraints upon liberty were restraints designed for the preservation of liberty; and every action of mediæval society was directed towards the establishment of a state in which men should be economically free through the possession of capital and of land. So much, as Mr. Belloc deduces from the rather scanty documents of those times, had ten Christian centuries accomplished. His dictum is that the Middle Ages had instinctively conceived and brought into existence the distributive state.

That excellent consummation, particularly in Britain, was destroyed. In its place arose the "moral anarchy" of capitalism. How did such a catastrophe come about? What turned an England economically free into the England which we know to-day, "of which nineteen-twentieths are dispossessed of capital and of land, and of which the whole industry and national life is controlled upon its economic side by a few chance directors of millions, a few masters of unsocial and irresponsible monopolies"?

The answer to this question constitutes the most interesting and curious portion of the work before us. The answer most usually given, and the one most readily accepted, is that this misfortune came about through the material process known as the Industrial Revolution. Not so, says Mr. Belloc: the explanation is wholly false. It was the deliberate action of men, evil will in a few, and apathy among the many, which produced a "catastrophe as human in its causes and inception as in its vile effect." The industrial system was a growth proceeding from capitalism, not its cause. Capitalism was in England before the industrial system came into being; before the use of coal and of the new expensive machinery, and of the concentration of the implements of production in the great towns. Had capitalism not been present before the industrial revolution, that revolution might have proved as beneficent to Englishmen as it has proved mischievous.

At this point the reader is eager to hear of the event that wrought the greatest catastrophe in the social life of the Anglo-Saxon race. This event was the mishandling of the expropriated wealth of the monasteries in the sixteenth century. The lands and accumulated wealth of the monasteries were taken out of the hands of their old possessors with the intention of vesting them in the Crown—but they passed, as a fact, not into the hands of the Crown, but into the hands of an already wealthy section of the community, who, after the change was complete, became in the succeeding hundred years the governing power of England. Briefly, the monastic lands, at least a fifth of the wealth of the country, were transferred to the great land-owners, and this transference tipped the scale over entirely in their favor, as against the peasantry. By the year 1700 England had already become capitalist.

Yet, after all, we are confronted by a condition rather than a theory. What chiefly interests us is not whether Mr. Belloc is right or wrong with reference to the monastic lands, but what is going to be the outcome of the situation in which the Anglo-Saxon world finds itself to-day. Our author declares that the capitalist state is unstable, that it is a transitory phase lying between two permanent and stable states of society. There are but three social arrangements which can replace capitalism: slavery, socialism, and property. A direct and conscious establishment of slavery as a solution of the problem of capitalism, the surviving Christian tradition of our civilization compels men to reject. All theories of a reformed society will therefore attempt, at first, to leave untouched the factor of *freedom* among the elements which make up capitalism, and will concern themselves with some change in the factor of *property*, signifying, of course, property as the means of production. If you are suffering because property is restricted to a few, you can alter that factor in the problem either by putting property into the hands of many, or by putting it into the hands of none. The first plan is rejected as impracticable by our existing capitalist society. The second plan, which is that of the collectivist state, is the one preferred by reformers. But Mr. Belloc proceeds to show that at its first inception all collectivist reform is necessarily deflected and evolves, in the place of what it had intended, a new thing: a society wherein the owners remain few and wherein the proletarian mass accepts security at the expense of servitude. In short, he deduces for us the economically Servile State.

Yet in conclusion Mr. Belloc declares that his conviction of the reëstablishment of the Servile State as actually upon us does not lead him to any meagre and mechanical prophecy. The force of which he has been speaking is not the only force in the field. "There is a complex knot of forces underlying any nation once Christian; a smouldering of old fires." The example of the free peasantry of Ireland and France may eventually save England and Prussia. And our author is also hopeful that the Faith (meaning thereby Roman Catholicism) will recover its intimate and guiding place in the heart of Europe, and is inclined to believe that this sinking back into our original paganism (for the tendency to the Servile State is nothing less) will in due time be halted and reversed.

Is not this analogous to obtaining money under false pretences? The first chapter of this volume "is written to maintain and prove" the Servile State; the last to disabuse our minds of any fear of such an eventuality. Yet the book is such interesting reading, so novel in its conceptions, so picturesque in its presentations, that we feel that, though the author has not lived up to the precise terms of his contract, he has nevertheless given us an exceptionally valuable consideration for our time and attention.

Chivalry in English Literature: Chaucer, Malory, Spenser, and Shakespeare. By William Henry Schofield. Cambridge: Harvard University (Harvard Studies in Comparative Literature. Vol. II). $1.50 net.

Chaucer's attitude towards chivalry one may define as pragmatic, Malory's as ro-

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mantic, Spenser's as esoteric, and Shakespeare's as historic (p. 7.).

Chaucer's chivalry appears innate, an instinctive, ever-present check on growing worldliness, like the religious idealism implanted in a youth by a pious mother, which never ceases to control his life, even after he may have abandoned the beliefs of his boyhood. It is not single-eyed, but steadily prevails in mature judgment, and is always tender and real.

Malory's chivalry reveals more emphasis on outer things. It delights in ritual; it demands adherence to a creed; it is sacerdotal, Anglican. Though it may be rigid and narrow, it stimulates earnest aspiration.

Spenser's chivalry is directed mostly towards the learned and polite. It is combined with book education, intellectual and complex. Albeit too subtle for the common run of men, it appeals persistently to the poetic, imaginative few.

Shakespeare's chivalry is retrospective; but in his works we find the ideals of the Middle Ages reproduced with full comprehension and glorified as guiding stars to human excellence. Shakespeare, with unique genius, widens their sphere, and makes them universal in application, meet for highest or lowest, for keenest or dullest, in this majestic world.

Chaucer presents a standard of conduct for the knight, Malory for the noble, Spenser for the courtier, and Shakespeare for the man. Their pattern figures are contrasted respectively with the coarse churl, the vulgar parvenu, the rude rustic, the common brute. Chaucer exalts worthiness, determining acts; Malory, nobility, accepting obligations; Spenser, worth, procured by self-discipline; Shakespeare, high nature, transforming character. Chaucer says "do"; Malory, "avoid"; Spenser, "study"; Shakespeare, "be" (pp. 262-263).

The foregoing generalizations, clear and apparently true, together with the "Conclusion" that, while French chivalry is exclusive and aristocratic, English chivalry, though largely derived from French, tends to be inclusive and democratic (pp. 267-273)—these in themselves justify the existence of this book. If it contained nothing else, indeed, it would be distinctly more valuable. For it is not so constructed as to support and lead up to its conclusions. (Those about Malory, in particular, are quite unsubstantiated by the chapter on Malory.) Large portions of the book have nothing to do with these generalizations, or with chivalry at all, and are simply padding. But even the relevant portions are so lax and invertebrate that the book as a whole is a weariness. Paragraph after paragraph reads like Newman's schoolboy's essay on Fortune.

The beginning of the book prepares the way for studied irrelevancy. Laying down in the Introduction a definition of chivalry which almost identifies it with Christianity—a concept broad enough, it might be supposed—the author in practice slips, we can hardly think unawares, into concepts still broader, and identifies chivalry with anything that pleases—with truth, for example, or with a lady's agreeable personality, or with a man's way of making himself beloved by his contemporaries. Consequently, nothing in the domain of manners and morals is deemed alien; salutary distinctions are thrown away; and the door is opened to every sort of digression and conjecture. The article on Chaucer is checkered with pointless biographical detail, with avowed guesses, and with irrelevant documents, such as the Balade "Truth" ("Flee fro the prees, and dwelle with sothfastnesse"), which has no connection whatever with chivalry, but belongs with a large class of exhortations to the life contemplative. The article on Spenser exhibits utter lack of sympathy with the poet, and inadequate recognition of the Renaissance elements in his work—the elements that are not chivalric.

Within the limits of a review it is impossible to exemplify further these vagaries, or their parent laxity of structure and concept; the elements involved are too bulky for quotation. We may, however, exhibit a few of the author's minor elegancies:

> [Malory's King Mark] was false, mendacious, mean, a "self-loved personage" with a flowing tongue, a contemptible coward, who ran away from opponents with whom he feared to joust, one of whom all the world spoke shame . . . (p. 165).
>
> [Posthumus] is strongly contrasted to miserable Cloten, a wrathy, profane, boastful, contemptuous "ass" (p. 233).
>
> Furthermore, while Chaucer willingly lived all the time in reality, Spenser, it is evident, preferred to roam musingly in pleasing pastures of fantasy (p. 139).
>
> Before, no one had thought of the courtier as the most likely individual to be ideally all-round (p. 154).
>
> It shows a strange misunderstanding of Shakespeare's purpose in picturing Falstaff in this light [*i. e.*, as a genuine reprobate] to have critics worry because Prince Hal, when he became king, banished [Falstaff] from court (p. 217).
>
> Spenser was not the poet of the careless brook or wayward mountain stream. He praised above all the springs of Helicon, while admitting the value of a moral millrace and a gentle moat (p. 159).

And this is a Harvard book, in authorship, and auspices, and imprint. "If gold rust, what shall iron do?"

Henrietta Maria, Queen of England. By Henrietta Haynes. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50 net.

The unusual degree of political prominence attained by women in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries has resulted in the composition of a multitude of biographies of the queens, princesses, and royal mistresses of that period. The wife of Charles I of England, however, has hitherto received comparatively scant attention, in view of her charming personality, and of the interest that attaches to her tragic career. The "dread unspeakable" with which Catholics and Catholic plots were regarded in the England in which she and her sons lived, has procured for her a verdict less favorable than she has merited in the land of her adoption. In France, she was partly overshadowed by her sister-in-law, Anne of Austria. She missed the historical felicity of a violent death, such as that of Mary Stuart, to whom it is natural to compare her. The author of the present volume attempts to make amends for this comparative neglect, and has produced a work which, in addition to being very readable, is far more sane and scholarly than the vast majority of the lives of royal ladies which have poured forth from the presses of England and America in such wanton profusion during the past ten years. Miss Haynes's political judgments are unusually sound; and she has successfully resisted the temptation to magnify and exalt her heroine:

> Had she [Henrietta] been a Protestant, and a woman of profound sagacity, she might have saved her husband. As it was, by her reckless defiance of forces whose strength she was unable to appreciate, she hurried him to his doom. She lived at a great moment, and had no greatness to meet it. Herein alone is her condemnation. She has received more than her fair share of blame, for she has been made the scapegoat of Charles's faults.

This is sane and sensible; and there are remarkably few minor slips. One cannot but regret the appearance in the preface of that increasingly frequent solecism, "a bibliography of the sources." One wonders how the "Parliament ships" could be "shelling" a Yorkshire village in 1643 (p. 203). It was on Charles's way *to* Madrid, not on the "return journey," that he first saw Henrietta. Errors like these, however, do not seriously detract from the value of the work as a whole.

Henrietta Maria became the bride of Charles I of England at the age of fifteen. The first few years of her wedded life were unhappy, owing chiefly to the impossibility of fulfilling the conditions contained in the marriage contract; but afterwards the young Queen succeeded in completely winning the heart of her very difficult husband; the earlier troubles were forgotten, and the royal pair passed on through the ten years previous to the outbreak of the Civil War, for the most part blissfully unconscious of the gathering storm. Up to the opening of the struggle Henrietta had advised Charles to conciliate the popular party; she even urged him to summon the Long Parliament. But when the first doings of that memorable assembly aroused her to a true appreciation of the state of affairs, she changed her tune, and became thenceforth an advocate of no compromise. "Go, poltroon, and pull the ears of these

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rogues, or never see me again," she scornfully called after her husband, when he departed on his ill-fated attempt to arrest the five members; and from that time onward she became one of the most active and energetic of the royal party. The tragedy of Whitehall terminated her efforts. "He perished for lack of knowing the truth," as Henrietta, with a rare flash of insight, once said of her husband.

From that time onward Henrietta Maria virtually disappears from the political scene. The last twenty-five years of her life were spent for the most part in France; and the purchase and furnishing of a new home for the Nuns of the Order of the Visitation—the beautiful mansion of Chaillot—were her chief occupation and delight during this period. The end came in September, 1669, while the glories of her nephew, Louis XIV, were still untarnished by defeat; before the clouds which were soon to settle about the throne of her English sons were visible to the world at large. She was doubtless happy in being spared the humiliations of the houses of Bourbon and Stuart which the near future was to bring with it.

The Story of the Renaissance. By William Henry Hudson. New York: Cassell & Co. $1.50 net.

In this short book a vast and complicated subject is, in the best sense, popularized: a very large number of scattered phenomena are marshalled under a few easily comprehensible generalizations. These, naturally, were for the most part made long ago by Michelet, Burckhardt, Pater, and others; nevertheless, the present work has the air less of a compilation than of a synthesis. The time-honored generalizations about the Renaissance have here passed through a studious and thoughtful mind possessed of a strong historical sense, and out at the point of a pen uncommonly skilled in presenting complex material in simply constructed and well massed paragraphs. In the process the old ideas and the old facts have gained new interest and suggestiveness.

Strong on the historical side—the chapter on the Reformation in particular is an extraordinary piece of illuminating condensation—the book still needs strengthening at several points lying chiefly in the domain of literature and the fine arts. It fails to give the impression that the author has been in immediate contact with the books and pictures of which he writes: in appreciation, and in all that depends upon appreciation rather than upon plain history, it is thus inadequate. It fails also to employ certain important and perfectly accessible facts and generalizations supplementary to the old ideas: thus it omits not only matter of interest to the specialist, but matter essential to a general introduction.

For example, though emphasis is continually laid upon the "emergence of the individual" as one of the characteristic phenomena of the Renaissance, yet some of the most significant phases of this emergence are totally neglected. Machiavelli is mentioned only *apropos* of religious corruption (pp. 84, 86), and of his "Mandragola" (p. 227). Nothing is said of "The Prince"! Nothing is said of that Machiavellian theory of personality (*virtù*) which so powerfully affected Marlowe and Shakespeare. Marlowe, indeed, appears only as introducing blank verse into the "romantic drama" (p. 245) and as personally erratic (p. 257). Castiglione's "Courtier" is mentioned (p. 71), but without a hint that it has any significance in the history of the novel; or that it is only the most distinguished of a long international line of courtesy-books, all bent upon the cultivation of the individual; or that this whole tendency is part of the change from the decentralized hierarchy of feudalism, in which the knight was sunk, to the centralized despotism of the court, from which the courtier emerged.

So Du Bellay's "Deffence et Illustration de la Langue Françoyse" appears (p. 235) as an isolated phenomenon, whereas it was part of an international movement for the cultivation of the vernacular tongues—a movement begun by Dante's "De Vulgari Eloquentia," and merely continued by the Pléiade and the Areopagus.

Again, though emphasis is likewise laid upon the *secularization* of human activities—the rediscovery of this world and of man—nothing whatever is said of one of the most striking innovations that it brought about: the re-introduction of the pagan idea of Fame, or immortality on earth, in the place of spiritual immortality in a world hereafter. It would be difficult to overestimate the effects, upon morals both theoretical and practical, and upon art and literature, of this change to a purely human or social sanction for conduct. Certainly no general introduction to the Renaissance should omit all consideration of these effects.

It is Mr. Hudson's too close adherence to this very doctrine of secularization that deadens his treatment of the fine arts. Here he apparently follows Symonds, who also professed to be chiefly interested in the relations of the arts to the expression of religious feeling or dogma, and more particularly in "their gradual emancipation from ecclesiastical control" (Symonds, "The Fine Arts," Preface). But Symonds's work was that of an enthusiast writing face to face with an object, and kindling with its beauty. Mr. Hudson's present work looks merely doctrinaire. Can one who writes of Fra Angelico, "He has no dramatic instinct or power of characterization" (p. 182), have beheld with his own eyes the Crucifixion in San Marco (Florence) or St. Laurence and the Jailer in the chapel of Nicholas V in the Vatican? Can one who writes of Giotto, "We do not value his work for . . . constructive skill, nor for ideal beauty" (p. 178), have looked for an instant upon the Funeral of St. Francis or the Apparition of St. Francis to St. Anthony of Padua, or the panel of St. Louis of France, in Santa Croce, or upon the Angel at the Tomb in the Arena Chapel? Can one who writes that in Ghirlandajo "genuine religious feeling has vanished or is fast vanishing" (p. 190), ever have made pilgrimage to the shrine of the little Santa Fina at San Gimignano? Perugino's later religious paintings are "all alike steeped in the spirit of vapid emotionalism" (p. 201); Michelangelo's David is "simply a splendid type of Greek athlete," "his formidable Moses . . . 'half prize-fighter, half-Jupiter Tonans'" (p. 200); and so on. The explanation of this obtuseness is apparent in Mr. Hudson's *parti pris*, that as art grew great it grew irreligious. "The thought of the artist is now concerned primarily, not with the doctrinal bearings of his subject, but with its pictorial effects" (p. 190). As if "doctrinal bearings" were the same as religious content; and as if religious content were impaired by the painter's attention to "pictorial effects." On the whole, that stimulating and suggestive quality which has been noticed in other parts of the book, quite fails in the domain of art—the very domain in which the Renaissance made its greatest gift to posterity.

Finally, this over-emphasis upon the secularization of art is but part of a general over-emphasis upon the differences between the Middle Ages and the Renaissance. When space is limited, a clear distinction between two periods cannot easily be drawn without some exaggeration. Here the tendency has been to insist too much upon the ways in which the Renaissance cut loose from tradition. As the Middle Ages were *par excellence* the ages of binding tradition, the temptation was strong to exaggerate what the Renaissance accomplished by discarding tradition. The other side of the case is the weightier. Humanism itself is precisely an active interest in "whatever has interested mankind," an interest which respects and studies tradition, follows it, adds to it, transmits it. Certainly, no general account of the Renaissance can afford to underestimate what the Renaissance accomplished by working within tradition, especially in art, where tradition is of paramount importance. The point need not be labored here. Mr. Hudson's neg-

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lect of it renders his book seriously misleading, and, no less than the *blasé* and patronizing tone of the chapter on art, decidedly impairs its value for the student. For the student, too, there should have been added a comprehensive bibliography; which should on no account be omitted from a second edition.

Notes

Alfred Noyes's poetical "Tales of the Mermaid Tavern" is promised for next month by Stokes.

The same house will bring out shortly "Pedagogical Anthropology," by Maria Montessori, and "The Kingdom," a story by Harold Elsdale Goad.

Henry Holt & Co. are issuing at once "A Downland Corner," by Victor L. Whitechurch.

March 15 is the date set by Houghton Mifflin for the publication of the following: "The Invaders," a novel by Frances N. S. Allen; "The Story of my Boyhood and Youth," by John Muir; "The American Child," by Elizabeth McCracken; "In Beaver World," by Enos A. Mills, and "Youth and Life," essays by Randolph S. Bourne.

The same house announces for early publication the following educational books: "Preparing for Citizenship," an elementary text-book in civics by William Backus Guitteau; "Representative Cities of the United States," a geographical reader by Caroline W. Hotchkiss; "The Japanese Twins," by Lucy Fitch Perkins; "Problems of Educational Readjustment," by David Snedden; "The Kindergarten," by Susan Blow, Patty Hill, and Elizabeth Harrison; "The Second Book of Stories for the Story-Teller," by Fanny E. Coe; "Newspaper Writing and Editing," by W. G. Bleyer; and the following additions to the Riverside Literature series: "Selected Lyrics from Wordsworth, Keats, and Shelley," edited by Charles Swain Thomas; "Selected Lyrics from Dryden, Collins, Gray, Cowper, and Burns," the same editor; "Two Speeches on Copyright," by Thomas Babington, Lord Macaulay; "The Address at Cooper Union by Abraham Lincoln," edited by Edwin L. Miller; "Southern Poems," edited by Charles W. Kent; "College Life," by Le Baron Russell Briggs, and "Selections from the Prose Works of Matthew Arnold," edited by William S. Johnson.

Forthcoming fiction in the list of Doubleday, Page & Co. includes: "Laddie," by Gene Stratton-Porter; "Virginia," by Ellen Glasgow, "The Mating of Lydia," by Mrs. Humphry Ward; "An Affair of State," by J. C. Snaith; "The Joy Bringer," by Grace MacGowan Cooke; "Port of Adventure," by C. N. and A. M. Williamson; "The Legend of Jerry Ladd," by Roy Rolfe Gilson; "Ever After," by Juliet Wilbor Tompkins; "Mrs. Red Pepper," by Grace S. Richmond; "The Dream Girl," by Ethel Gertrude Hart; "Pete Crowther, Salesman," by Elmer E. Ferris, and "Addison Broadhurst, Master Merchant," by Edward Mott Woolley.

Included in Doubleday, Page's non-fiction announcements are the following: "Letters to Unknown Friends," by Lyman Abbott; "Retrospections of an Active Life," by John Bigelow, the concluding volumes, IV and V; "Crowds," essays by Gerald Stanley Lee, and "Our World: New World-Life," by Dr. Josiah Strong.

F. G. Browne & Co., of Chicago, have in press: "Bugles of Gettysburg," by Mrs. George Pickett; "East and West," by Mrs. Conger; "Our Neighbors—The Japanese," by Joseph King Goodrich, and a reissue of Francis Fisher Browne's "Everyday Life of Abraham Lincoln."

The Albanians, who, more than a million strong, are now struggling for their independence, differ in one respect from all other European peoples, according to Dr. Hugo Grothe. After describing in *Die Erde* for February the different races of which they are composed and their habitat, with much of their history, he calls attention to the fact that they have no written language and that attempts even to make an alphabet acceptable to all have been unsuccessful. The language with which the northern races communicate with the outside world is mainly Servian; that in the south is Grecian. As most of the instruction is given in Greek, this will probably be the language adopted by the coming principality.

Four out of the five volumes given to fiction in the latest instalment of Everyman's Library are devoted to the Russians—Tolstoy with "Anna Karenina" in two volumes, and Dostoievsky with "Crime and Punishment" and "The House of the Dead." "Don Quixote" appears in Motteux's version. Other volumes are Eugene Mason's translations from the "Lays of Marie de France," three comedies from the Norwegian of Björnstjerne Björnson, the Anglo-Saxon "Chronicle" translated by J. Ingram, and Irving's "Sketch Book." Of travel and history there are Edward William Lane's "Manners and Customs of the Modern Egyptians," and George Dennis's "Cities and Cemeteries of Etruria" in two volumes. The "Politics of Aristotle" has been translated by William Ellis.

Some of the most striking events of the nineteenth century are recalled by the reissue of two books by the late Henry M. Stanley (Scribner). The Centenary Edition of "How I Found Livingstone" contains an introduction by Robert E. Speer, reviewing the work of Livingstone and Stanley, and what has followed in Africa since they so dramatically centred the attention of the civilized world upon that continent. The present edition of "In Darkest Africa" combines the original two volumes into one. The result is a rather bulky book. Both works are profusely illustrated. Being planned as a day-by-day account, each of them is enormously overloaded with detail, and this feature is made worse by verbosity. Self-consciousness also stands out unmistakably. Nevertheless, as the authoritative records of the expeditions sent out in behalf of Livingstone and Emin Pasha, they have an undeniable place in the literature of exploration, and an interest which their present form will make available to an enlarged audience.

The Clarendon Press has done well to issue in English form "Keble's Lectures on Poetry, 1832-1841," in two volumes. John Keble brought to his post of professor of poetry at Oxford something of the chastened high-mindedness which Milton thought essential to all true poets. He constantly gives the impression of regarding the study of great literature as an inspired function. We need not bother to weigh anew the truth of his theory of *vis medica poeticæ*—used as a point of departure for the lectures—namely, that poetry is "a kind of medicine divinely bestowed upon man: which gives healing relief to secret mental emotion, yet without detriment to modest reserve; and, while giving scope to enthusiasm, yet rules it with order and due control." It does not impair for the modern reader the author's very genuine appreciations. What is particularly striking to-day is Keble's large grasp of literature, as well as his ingenuity in extracting a probable meaning from difficult details. One will look far to find other studies of classical literature containing quite Keble's steady enthusiasm and exalted purpose. Mr. Edward Kershaw Francis, who has made the translation from the Latin, has succeeded, if our few comparisons with the original text are typical, in attaining literal accuracy without endangering the English idiom. In the case of Keble's quotations from Greek and Latin poetry, Mr. Francis has sought out the best available English translations.

Perhaps too many books about the Panama Canal have been written by people who spent only a brief period in the vicinity of the great enterprise. "The Story of Panama" (Silver, Burdett), by Frank A. Gause and Charles Carl Carr, is noteworthy inasmuch as it is the work of men who live in the Canal Zone as Government school teachers, and have a share in the work of the canal builders. Their story is a straightforward description of the principal features of construction, and an account of the administrative organization which Col. Goethals and his assistants have brought to so high a state of efficiency. They give a brief history of the canal project, and do not omit the romantic tale of old Panama, where Spanish adventurers and English buccaneers fought for gold and the love of fighting. The book is generously illustrated, and there are several diagrams of construction problems.

When Dr. F. C. S. Schiller is not writing new books, he is busy getting out new editions of old ones. The third edition of "Riddles of the Sphinx" appeared in 1910, the second edition of "Studies in Humanism" followed it not long ago, and now we have a second edition of "Humanism" (Macmillan). The only important change made in the book consists of the addition of four essays which appeared in various periodicals some five or six years after the publication of the first edition. Of these the two most significant are an admirable paper on "Freedom and Responsibility" and an interesting discussion of "Solipsism," the chief effort of which is to show that the New Realists are the true Solipsists, an attempt which may remind the reader of the remark said to have been made by the pot to the kettle.

When the first edition of "Humanism" was published, ten years ago, the pragmatic movement was in the full strength of its young life. It was the one absorbing topic of discussion in the philosophic world; many of its opponents saw in it nothing but evil, and many of its adherents hailed it as the key to most of the mysteries. As is so often the case with new movements in philosophy and elsewhere, neither the

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disciples nor the foes have been completely vindicated by time. Pragmatism, humanism, experimentalism (call it what you like), has fallen into its appropriate place in the background and no longer occupies the centre of the stage. Doubtless, this is in part due to the death of William James, but the chief cause is the fact that the pragmatic movement has done its work and that its ideas, though of real value, have not proved so fruitful as its first apostles prophesied. It is, perhaps, significant that at the last meeting of the American Philosophical Association pragmatism was scarcely mentioned. But the fact that the centre of interest has shifted to other fields does not mean that pragmatism and humanism have altogether failed. They have succeeded in making philosophers reexamine their problems. They have broken down the cocksureness and self-satisfaction of the monism and intellectualism that ruled in pre-pragmatic days. And they have furnished a concrete method of criticism which philosophy will probably always value. Their contribution is thus largely negative, but is none the less real.

It is rather unfortunate that a movement which has after all no great superfluity of positive ideas should insist on having such a superfluity of names. Possibly "pragmatism" was not in all respects ideal, but it was at least very preferable to "humanism," which (to paraphrase what James said of pragmatism) might be called an old name for some new ways of thinking. Humanism would have been suitable enough if the term had not been for centuries in common use as the accepted designation for a philosophical movement which resembles in no respect Dr. Schiller's discovery. And to appropriate this good old word to a new use and so make it quite ambiguous adds needlessly to the already sad muddle of our philosophical terminology.

The usual collection of Indian myths, stories, and folk-lore published for the general reader shows the hand of the sympathetic gatherer and reflects the idealizing quality of his, usually her, work. This is happily not so with Jeremiah Curtin's posthumous book, "Myths of the Modocs" (Little, Brown). The scientific folk-lorist will find here a valuable mine of material on these Oregon Indians, and the general reader will gain a true picture of the vigor, the realism, the simplicity, and the charm of the mythical beliefs as told by the Indians themselves. The myths form a complete cycle, giving the native explanation of the creation of the world and the birds, the beasts, and the fish in it, together with the origin of virtually all the natural phenomena within the Indian's range of observation. Mr. Curtin has performed a valuable service in rescuing before it was too late this valuable store of aboriginal beliefs. This collection could not be duplicated at the present time among the Modocs. The year is fast approaching when it will be impossible to gather such a collection of myths among any of the Indian tribes.

Putnams publish in attractive form "Indian Pages and Pictures," a lively account by Mr. M. M. Shoemaker of his recent journey through India and Kashmir. The writer, an observant traveller, has given us a book well worth reading for its sympathetic rendering of the local atmosphere. Much of the ground he traversed, lying along the customary tourist route, has already been frequently described. Here he adds but little beyond the casual remarks of a keen-eyed American. In the Vale of Kashmir, however, he enters upon a field but slightly touched to gather and relate much that is interesting. While very successful in the general effect of his pen pictures, done with a bold, free hand, he is, at times, inaccurate in details. Did he really see "red-coats" in the Khyber Pass, which is guarded by khaki-clad natives of the Khyber Rifles? What authority has he for stating that "Under the Hindu kings these [Kashmiris] were more prosperous and hence happier than they have ever been"? Despite his strictures, the dredging of the Jhelum River at Baramula, ably conceived and admirably executed, saved the Vale of Kashmir this last summer from the disasters of the annual flood. The worst famine ever known in Kashmir was due to this cause, now forever a thing of the past. Moreover, electric lighting is common throughout the European quarter of Srinagar, thanks to the American plant at Mohara, which he so utterly and unjustly condemns as "graft." Those who contemplate following in Mr. Shoemaker's footsteps can do no better than to study his narrative, together with the photographic illustrations, to obtain a faithful general view and numberless helpful suggestions. A good index is provided.

"The Social Policy of Bismarck" (Longmans), by Annie Ashley, is a critical study of the origin and social character of the three great German measures for workingman's insurance against sickness, accident, and old age and invalidity. It is a thesis presented to W. J. Ashley in connection with a sensible course in Public and Social Service at the University of Birmingham, which combines theoretical instruction in the university with practical training in the city. The author traces the development of Bismarck's opinions, and shows, from a psychological point of view, how he became such a strenuous and successful advocate of the ideas of the "Socialists of the Chair." She also recalls the curious fact that, almost immediately after his retirement, Bismarck turned around and attacked the very acts which owed their existence chiefly to his own insistence; he even denied his personal responsibility, professing to have given only a lukewarm adherence to the insurance measures which he had forced through the Bundesrat and Reichstag. This change of face was, however, rather a sign of the chagrin and pessimism which were perhaps the not unnatural consequence of his dismissal from office than a well-reasoned judgment based upon observation of the workings of the measures. After explaining briefly the main provisions of each of the three insurance acts, Miss Ashley considers their good and bad features from a sociological point of view (so far as the experience of quarter of a century permits the drawing of conclusions), and finds that the advantages have greatly outweighed the disadvantages. She also draws some interesting comparisons between the German and the recent English insurance legislation, emphasizing in the English measures the English dislike of bureaucratic interference and the consequent larger scope for individual initiative in the administration of the funds provided for in the English act. Being her father's daughter, Miss Ashley brings to her study a somewhat philosophic turn of mind and some power of literary presentation.

"The Holy Christian Church from its Remote Origins to the Present Day" (Houghton Mifflin), by R. M. Johnston, is an interesting attempt on the part of a secular historian to recount in brief and summary fashion the rise and development of the Christian Church and to estimate its place in the history of the Western world. The following passage from the introduction indicates the purpose and at the same time some of the inevitable limitations of the book:

> The object of this book is chiefly to attempt coördination, to seize the proportions, the relations, the movement, the essential facts of Christianity as seen over a period of more than two thousand years over nations that stretch from Kashmir to California, over civilizations as wide apart as those of the age of Pericles and of Napoleon, of Gnosticism and of the Trusts. As these words are written, the effort seems almost foolhardy.

The author's own attitude towards the church whose history he recounts is perhaps sufficiently revealed by the closing sentences of the volume:

> From that day [the Protestant Reformation] to our own the generations are not many, yet they have witnessed changes so momentous that to-day we have reached a point whence we can look backward and trace with reasonable accuracy and charity the birth, rise, height, and decline of the Christian Church. Precisely what stage that decline has reached it is not yet possible to estimate.

The book is vigorously and dramatically written, the positions taken are often fresh and suggestive, and many of the author's judgments are sound enough, but unfortunately the pages are disfigured by frequent blunders and inaccuracies, for which even the disarming passage quoted above hardly prepares the reader. The errors are due in part to a lack of familiarity with the subject in hand, perhaps not unnatural in one whose studies have lain chiefly in another field altogether, in part to a dependence upon antiquated authorities against whom it should seem the author might easily have guarded himself. The Synoptic Gospels, we are told, are now referred by most scholars to the authorship of Luke! The Emperor Constantine is said to have adopted Christianity in the year 312, and to have proclaimed it the state religion in 324. The Arian controversy is misinterpreted, and the origin of the Nicene and Athanasian creeds is incorrectly stated. The explanation of the spread of Christianity within the Roman Empire is quite inadequate, while the Imperial persecutions are over-emphasized and receive a significance that did not attach to them. Decidedly too much is made of the millennial expectations of the Christian world in the year 1000. The later mediæval church is painted in colors too uniformly black, and the impression is left that moral considerations had a great deal more to do with the Protestant Reformation than was really the case. Undue weight is given to the recent denial of the historical reality of Jesus, when it is said that present-day scholarship appears to be inclining in that direction; but the author assumes for himself, though doubtfully and "with some reluctance," that the Jesus of

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Christian tradition really existed, and singularly enough gives a far more intelligent account of his teaching and work than of Paul's, whose Christian beliefs he entirely misunderstands. His treatment of pre-Christian Judaism and Hellenism seems disproportionately long, and in his effort to show the influence of outside cults upon Christianity, he has given an unwarrantable amount of space to them. The tendency is not unnatural, in view of the widespread neglect of such factors in most books on church history, but it has been somewhat overdone in the present case.

Interesting material for a study of the curious psychology of one of the beautiful butterfly creatures of the Ancien Régime who lived on through the French Revolution and Empire is contained in "The Memoirs of Delphine de Sabran, Marquise de Custine" (Doran). Married at seventeen to the son of the great Custine, twice a mother at twenty, and deprived of most of her relatives by the guillotine or by emigration shortly afterwards, Delphine de Custine nevertheless preserved for many years a charming beauty, and a naïveté and lightness of heart, which continued to win her a multitude of admirers from all ranks of society. When she pleaded with the judge for the life of her noble father-in-law and was in danger of being torn to pieces as an aristocrat by a sans-culottic mob, she saved herself by the pretty way she kissed and held the babe of a fishwife. She was cast into prison as a "suspect," but escaped condemnation owing to the devoted admiration of a clerk in the Revolutionary Tribunal; every day for weeks he carefully placed the papers relating to her case at the bottom of the pile so that Fouquier-Tinville never called her case for trial. With natural simplicity and goodness of heart, whether in sorrow or pleasure, she continued to pour out her heart in long letters to her mother and brother who had emigrated to Prussia. These letters, extending over more than a quarter of a century, from the opening of the Revolution until after the fall of Napoleon, have been largely preserved, and, under the good editorship of M. Gaston Maugras, constitute the main part of these "memoirs." They are singularly silent about all the great political events which crowd these years, but are full of the doings and feelings of the pretty heroine of a novel such as she imagined herself to be. Among the more notable of her admirers were Fouché, who extended to her his protection while he was Minister of Police, and Chateaubriand, who visited her many times both in Paris and at her country estate, but who cast her into the depths of despair because his attachment did not rise to the level of her romantic love for him.

An English version of Professor Legouis's "Chaucer," accurately made by L. Lailavoix, is most welcome (Dutton). In its original form, published about two years ago, the book provided, with the least possible scholarly apparatus, an engaging and lucid introduction to the whole works of the poet. Its analyses were delicate and its criticisms penetrating; not the least among its merits was the striking way in which Chaucer was set off against the background of the French poetry of the fourteenth century, to which his indebtedness becomes daily more apparent. The fault of the book lay in its neglect of many recent important, chiefly American, contributions to the subject. But for this Professor Legouis has amply atoned in the present translation, which, by reason of his additions and revisions, becomes more useful and authoritative than its original. Specimens of Professor Legouis's felicitous renderings of Chaucer's verse into French are printed in an appendix, and a preface by the translator seeks to justify French literature against the charge of having neglected Chaucer.

The fact that the "Mémoires de Fouché" are not Fouché's—as a result of a suit instituted by the family soon after the first publication of the memoirs in 1824, they were judicially determined to have been composed by one Alphonse de Beauchamp—does not seriously detract from their interest or value. For Beauchamp, who had held a subordinate position under Napoleon's crafty and almost omnipotent Minister of Police, unquestionably based his supposititious memoirs upon Fouché's own notes and authentic papers to which he had had official access. Under the more accurate title of "Memoirs Relating to Fouché," they have been published in an English translation, good except for the annoyingly frequent use of the split infinitive, in the Court Series of French Memoirs (Sturgis & Walton).

The voluble Mr. Edward Hutton's latest book on Italy is "The Cities of Lombardy" (Macmillan), one of those combinations of guide book and impressions of travel of which the late A. J. C. Hare set the fashion and was so much the best compiler. Mr. Hutton gives a short historical survey of Lombardy and of each of the chief cities, among which he includes Milan, Pavia, Monza, Bergamo, Mantua, Cremona, Piacenza, Parma, Reggio, and Modena. He writes with more restraint than in some of his earlier volumes, but we do not feel that he is really well grounded in either history or the arts. Even in writing, he is not careful—witness his frequent application of the epithet "virile" to Bergamo, which, nevertheless, he persists in calling "she." His lusty hatred of the Germans leads him to speak of Radetzky's "truly German nature"; whereas the doughty marshal was in fact a Slav, born of a noble Bohemian family. Mr. Hutton's criticism of painters is erratic, as this suggests: "Luini, the subtle sensualist whose eyes are brimming with tears, who smiles and smiles at himself, considering his likeness to Leonardo, who has tried to express everything pretty in self-admiration and self-pity." The last "who" ought, grammatically, to refer to Leonardo, but Mr. Hutton probably intended it for Luini. After all, however, travellers who like this sort of a book will find it wonderfully adapted to their taste and intelligence. Mr. Hutton closes with Canossa, for the evident purpose of describing the humiliation of the Emperor by the Pope, "the most perfect expression of that Europe out of which we are come and to which we shall return." In mistaking the past for the future, and in identifying his private religious zeal with that of all Europe, Mr. Hutton simply imitates certain perfervid English converts to Romanism. So the Three Tailors of Tooley Street imagined themselves to be "We, the people of England." The book has two dozen half-tone and three-color illustrations.

Science

Field Days in California. By Bradford Torrey. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.50 net.

The author of this book, who died at Santa Barbara, California, last October, will long be remembered as the most genial of American writers on nature. Shortly before his death he had prepared for publication what was to prove his final book—a volume of essays dealing mainly with bird-life in California, but including also a chapter on the Grand Cañon and a delightful essay on "Reading a Check-List." It is by no means a superfluous addition to Mr. Torrey's work; though inferior to some of his earlier books in firmness of style, it is at the same time clearly superior in vivacity and mellow wisdom. Here is a man who spent his days in bringing his "twelve-power glass" to bear on birds that most of us have never seen and never shall see, who has related his ornithological experiences, however trivial, with unflagging persistence—admitting few landscapes and fewer human beings—and who has yet contrived to give us entertainment of an unusual quality.

As in the case of Gilbert White's letters, Mr. Torrey's essays derive their chief value from the writer's agreeable personality. "With a pleasing mixture of humanity and ornithology, which really go well together, a fact that speaks well for both of them," he takes the reader along a California beach, or under the redwoods, or into the Yosemite, and gossips intimately with an unerring perception of the significant and diverting. Here, for instance, is his water-ouzel:

> A dark-colored bird flew from under the bridge close to the water, anon dropped into it, swam, or was carried by it, a yard or two, took wing again, again dropped into the current, and then came to rest upon a rock on the water's edge. There it stood for half an hour, a great part of the time on one leg, preening its feathers, yawning, and, what was worth all the rest, winking, till its eye looked like the revolving lamp of a lighthouse, I said to myself.

When he has been privileged to the extent of beholding a condor—"If there had been nobody near, I believe I should have shouted." In the Grand Cañon, which reminds him, properly enough, of the land of Kubla Khan, his eye is attracted by a strange bird—"and in one moment the cañon was a thousand miles off." Yet he is ready to assert that "after all, a man, if he be half-way decent and reasonable, is of more value than many sparrows."

Throughout the book, Mr. Torrey's na-

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tive New England is mentioned parenthetically: "Dear old New England! say I. Dear old New England! For me there can never be any other part of the world to compare with it." When he eats a Carmel apple, he has a "hankering for a tart New England russet"; the manzanita bushes remind him of the mayflower, "sweetest of all blossoms"; California needs "one dear Massachusetts brook, to make the charm complete." In the concluding essay—"A Bird-Gazer at the Cañon"—are some casual remarks which suggest that the author's affection for the quiet countrysides of the East is not merely a matter of sentiment. Like many others who have sought to live on intimate terms with nature, Mr. Torrey feels a sense of alienation in the presence of the stupendous. After giving the Grand Cañon a fair trial, he questions "whether it lay within the power of this barbaric display of shape and color ever to evoke those deeper, tenderer, more serene and blissful moods of rapturous contemplation, such as, ever and anon, when the time is right, descend upon the waiting soul, responsive to the still, small voice of the commonest and most familiar of humble landscapes."

Mr. Torrey's experience thus points once more to the fact that nature, if she speaks at all, speaks when she pacifies, not when she excites. Wordsworth, Thoreau, Mr. Burroughs, and others who have sought to win from companionship with external nature an answer to inward questioning, have usually preferred gentle landscapes to the somewhat repellent austerity of high mountains, and have uniformly found illumination only in serenity of spirit. The romantic love of nature in her more savage aspects has ordinarily brought intoxication rather than insight; only the lifelong dweller among lofty mountains has found their sublimities fruitful, and he has found them so because they enveloped him in tranquillity, not because they evoked a passionate and nameless desire.

A total eclipse of the moon occurs in the night of Good Friday, March 21, extending into Saturday morning, still Friday to the astronomer; and with dawn in the Eastern States the eclipsed moon is setting due west. It is a curiously appropriate time for such a darkening, on the saddest date in the church calendar, and the coincidence will not happen again until 1978. Easter being the Sunday immediately following the ecclesiastical full moon of, or next after, March 21, this festival falls the present year on the 23d, the earliest day but one possible. In 1818 it actually occurred on the 22d, but has never been so early since, and will not come either then or on the 23d again in this century. A moon's eclipse is caused by the entrance of our satellite into earth's shadow, whose breadth where the moon passes through is nearly three times that of the moon herself. Her motion round the earth is such as to carry her through a space of 2,000 miles, nearly equal to her own diameter, in about an hour. When travelling centrally through the shadow, the moon will consume rather more than an hour in becoming immersed, and will then remain nearly two hours totally eclipsed before she begins to emerge. Towards the end of the fourth hour she will again be entirely clear of the shadow, shining as full moon again. Many superstitions cluster about lunar eclipses, though fewer than pertain to darkenings of the sun. To the ancients lunar obscurations were vastly more interesting than solar eclipses, as may be inferred from Plutarch's "De Facie," a quaint dialogue which could have been attributed only to believers in Luna's close connection with life and death, and with the spirits thought to watch over human destinies. Savage tribes are greatly terrified at both lunar and solar eclipses. The former are not so valuable scientifically as those of the sun, but from them much is learned about the motion of the moon, and her size, shape, and distance from us. Also they have been of use to historians in fixing dates of important occurrences hundreds and even thousands of years ago, because it is quite as simple to calculate backward to long-past eclipses as it is to compute those of the future. Thus the lunar eclipse of March 13, B. C. 4, settles the date of Christ's birth, which preceded the death of Herod by a few weeks, and that occurred soon after a lunar eclipse identified by chronologists.

Oscar Dana Allen, professor of metallurgy and analytical chemistry at Yale University from 1871 to 1887, died last week at his home at Ashford, Wash. He had written extensively on the flora of Mount Tacoma.

Alfred-Maurice Picard, formerly Minister of Marine in the French Cabinet and a member of the Academy of Sciences, died in Paris on Saturday, aged sixty-eight. He was the delegate of the French Government to the World's Fair at St. Louis. During the Franco-Prussian War, he was the chief of the Engineer Corps at Verdun. Later he was appointed Inspector-General of Bridges and Roadways, and received the cross of grand officer of the Legion of Honor.

Drama

The Commedia dell' arte: A Study in Italian Popular Comedy. By Winifred Smith, Ph.D. (Columbia University Studies in English and Comparative Literature.) The Columbia University Press. New York: Lemcke & Buechner. $2 net.

Miss Smith's thesis is a comprehensive discussion of the most picturesque and the most widely interesting of the minor dramatic *genres:* the special type of comedy developed by the Italian professional actors of the sixteenth century, and marked by improvisation on the basis of a *scenario*, by the recurring presence of various masked stock characters, and by an inordinate amount of *lazzi*, or rough comic business. Though always popular, the Commedia dell' arte was too merry an outlaw in the dramatic world to win a place in serious literary records. Very little is known about its origin and early development, and the documents of its Italian vigor and its foreign expeditions are scanty and irregular. Studies of particular phases of the difficult subject, though multiplying, have not yet brought knowledge to such a point that the writing of a formal history is possible; but Miss Smith's book is of great value as a more critical and a far more complete survey of the whole field than had previously been made.

Her own most important contribution is her emphasis on the part played by the mountebanks in the formation of the Commedia dell' arte. She notes the enrolment in professional companies of certain men who had been mountebanks, and traces verbal and physical tricks of the old trade in the new comedy. She refers to this relationship repeatedly, but does not organize the material in a single argument: a monograph on just this subject would be well worth while. Indeed, the whole problem of the early development of Italian professional acting still awaits systematic investigation.

The chapter on the influence of the Commedia dell' arte in England, with its corresponding bibliographical appendix, and such other English references as the quotation of Coryat's long passage on Venetian mountebanks, will be particularly welcome to Italian scholars, and Englishmen will find new light on the mountebank scene in "Volpone," and many similar matters. With regard to particular "influences," however, Miss Smith is commendably cautious.

The work is very accurate. The only error of any consequence detected by the reviewer is the assigning of Ariosto's "Cassaria," evidently through a confusion of notes, to 1488, with the related statement that Italian plays modelled on the Latin comedies were represented in the latter part of the fifteenth century. The "Cassaria" is of 1508, and none of the other Latinizing comedies can be regarded with certainty as earlier.

Miss Smith's definition of the Commedia dell' arte by form alone, on the basis that improvisation is its most essential characteristic, is not entirely satisfactory. The Masks are excluded from the definition because they appear also in written comedies, and the *lazzi* because they are to be found on almost any stage of the same grade. But it may be doubted whether the Masks appear in written comedies except as direct importations from the Commedia dell' arte; moreover, the same principle of exclusion would disqualify improvisa-

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tion itself, for Miss Smith finds it necessary to admit, in the course of her work, that "improvisation, especially of sharp repartee, topical allusion, and comic *lazzi*, is a universal characteristic of any really popular stage."

The clearness of the presentation is somewhat injured, here and there, by a desire to avoid the appearance of mechanism in order and statement. The gain is more than the loss, however, for the style has a grace and a vivacity that one does not associate with doctoral theses. The book is carefully printed and contains several good illustrations.

Granville Barker is rapidly maturing his plans for his autumn Shakespearean season. As already reported, he begins with a revival of "Macbeth," in which the title-part will be sustained by Henry Ainley and that of Lady Macbeth by Lillah McCarthy. As in the case of his "Twelfth Night" and "The Winter's Tale," "decoration" will take the place of realistic scenery. The designs have been entrusted to Duncan Grant and Norman Wilkinson. "The character of Hecate," Mr. Barker declares, "is spurious and will be eliminated; that of the English doctor, also an interpolation, although probably by Shakespeare himself, may or may not be retained. Apart from this, not a line is to be cut; the tragedy will be presented exactly as it was written."

"Macbeth" Mr. Barker intends to follow with "A Midsummer Night's Dream," staged on the same simple lines. The scenes will be virtually limited to two—a glade in the wood and the palace of Theseus.

The Shakespeare festival at Stratford-upon-Avon will extend from April 21 to May 14. For the twenty-fifth time the performances will be under the direction of F. R. Benson. The birthday revival play will be "Henry IV" (Part II), in which Mrs. Benson will appear.

The veteran Robert McWade died in New York on Wednesday of last week. He was seventy-eight years old, and had been on the stage for sixty years. Never a great performer, he was exceedingly well trained and versatile, and won credit in almost every department of drama. Many years ago he achieved much popularity throughout the country in the part of Rip Van Winkle, but not in the larger cities, from which he was excluded by the greater fame and more exquisite art of Joseph Jefferson.

Music

Mozart's Operas. By Edward J. Dent. London: Chatto & Windus.

Wagner's Master-singers. By Oliver Huckel. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. 75 cents net.

Thirty years ago, if any one had written that the three giants of musical drama were Mozart, Wagner, and Verdi, he would have been hooted at. Mr. Dent does it now with impunity, though there are some, including the reviewer of his book, who would place Bizet, with his "Carmen," on the same level, and who would claim for Weber also the highest rank as an originator; for while his operas do not now appeal to us as deeply as they did to our ancestors, there can be no doubt that he was the father of the modern music drama, Wagnerism having its roots deep down in Weber's soil. Wagner and Verdi are now accepted calmly and universally as immortals, although this verdict was slowly forced on the majority of the professionals by the *vox populi*. As for Mozart, the aged, in the words of Mr. Dent, "think of him as a respected classic, the elderly as a classic much overrated, while the present generation has rediscovered him with a whole-hearted enthusiasm." In Germany there has always been a reverential Mozart cult. In England, and to some extent in France, too, "there certainly is now beginning to flourish an intense and genuine delight in those masterpieces of musical drama which our elders in their first reverential adoration of Bach and Brahms regarded as trivial and insincere."

The only works of Mozart designed for the stage (there are nearly a score of them) that have remained regular "repertory operas," as the Germans say, are "Don Giovanni," "Figaro," and "The Magic Flute." Once in a while, however, a Mozart cycle is given in one of the larger German cities, and this includes, generally, besides the three operas named, "Idomeneo," "Die Entführung," "Cosi Fan Tutti," and "Clemenza di Tito." It is to these seven operas that Mr. Dent devotes most of his 432 pages. Mozart's compositions in other branches of music are referred to casually only, and it is refreshing to find that the author's enthusiasm for the operas does not make him overrate these other productions. He admits frankly, for instance, that the few chamber songs that Mozart produced "represent an even less important side of his activity than the pianoforte sonatas." Some will think he overrates the first two of the operas he discusses, "Idomeneo" and "Die Entführung"; but he gives so many good reasons for his enthusiasm that one ends by believing with him that were these operas properly performed by artists able to bring out all their delicate and expressive details, they would become popular. It has recently been found possible to stage the operas of Gluck in such a way as to hold the attention of modern listeners, and the style of the two works mentioned "is not so utterly different from that of 'Alceste' and 'Armide' as to make it impossible for us to appreciate." Incidentally, the author discusses some of the things which stand in the way of our being affected by these operas just as were Mozart's contemporaries. We are accustomed, for instance, to hearing trombones in almost every piece of music. In Mozart's time trombones were regarded as being outside the ordinary orchestra, and generally suitable only for the expression of ideas connected with the supernatural. When he used them, therefore, as in "Idomeneo" to accompany the oracle, or in "Don Giovanni" when the ghostly stoneman walks on the stage, the hearers were thrilled as we never can be, although the impression made on us, too, is deepened by the fact that the trombones are silent the rest of the time.

But Mr. Dent's volume will be welcomed chiefly for its elaborate analyses of "Figaro," "Don Giovanni," and "The Magic Flute." What distinguishes his analyses from ordinary ones is that he intersperses a multitude of observations and comparisons which emphasize salient points of contrast between Mozart's methods and those of our day. Thus, in commenting on musical scene painting, he says, with reference to "The Magic Flute": "Weber, let alone Wagner, could never have thrown away the opportunities that were offered by the ordeals of fire and water. Mozart prefers to concentrate our attention solely on the psychological aspect of the drama. In this he shows his unerring instinct for the stage." The last line is ridiculous. Mozart had anything but an unerring instinct for the stage; he often went astray almost as widely as Rossini or Donizetti; but we may let this pass as being one of the few instances in the book in which the author follows the custom in vogue among enthusiasts of trying to make weaknesses appear as virtues.

Two of the three "giants of the musical drama" were born just a century ago, and the presses are busy with articles and books relating to them. The latest contribution to the Wagnerian library is Oliver Huckel's curious paraphrase of "Die Meistersinger." It is not a translation of the text, but a free rendering, mostly in blank verse. Not only are the dialogues and the lyrics thus reshaped, but the stage directions also are versified. To those who are familiar with Wagner's poem—which has been adopted as a "reader" in many German schools—some of these changes come as a shock; others may find in this dramatic narrative a welcome introduction to the mediæval German atmosphere.

For the first time in six years Caruso will be a member of the Covent Garden Opera Company the coming season. Melba also will be heard.

Theodore Thomas was the greatest musical educator this country has had, and his

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orchestral performances gave comfort and pleasure to thousands. Chicago, in particular, owes him a debt of gratitude which can never be paid. Yet the trustees of the Theodore Thomas Orchestra have decided to change its name to "Chicago Orchestra, Founded by Theodore Thomas." The decision was not revoked when Mrs. Theodore Thomas sent a protest, in which she called attention to the fact that the great leader's orchestral library, the largest in the world, and representing four-fifths of his estate, had been given by his family in the belief that, as a matter of course, the institution would preserve his name and his art standards to future generations. In the programme for the twentieth concert it was explained that the main object in changing the name was "to forestall and prevent the adoption by any other musical organization of the name 'Chicago Symphony Orchestra,' as this would involve endless embarrassment and complication and possibly serious financial loss to the Orchestral Association."

It is interesting to learn that Theodore Thomas's plans for the best kind of a concert hall—which are fully described in Mrs. Thomas's book on her husband's career—proved to be so successful. With the exception of the twenty-five-cent seats in the gallery, the tickets for the Friday afternoon concerts are all sold for the season, and every week there is a demand for single admissions which cannot be supplied. It has not been necessary to advance the price of tickets—although the orchestra's salary list is now $20,000 larger for the season than it was eight years ago.

Art

THE ARMORY EXHIBITION.—II.

The Armory Exhibition shifts bewilderingly day by day through changes of hanging and admission of new pictures. This keeps the interest up, but adds to the difficulties of a critic. In considering the American contributions only the most general treatment is possible. The show is representative only of the extreme left of our art. A mere geographical survey will tell what may be expected. The entrance hall is dominated by George Barnard's colossal group, The Prodigal Son, while on the wall Robert Chanler's clever zoömorphic screens afford a piquant background for the sculpture exhibits. Nervously drawn, fancifully colored, composed on formulas skilfully adapted from the Japanese, these screens are the most novel and interesting feature of the American display. In certain larger screens Mr. Chanler sinks to mere jumboism in design and mere prettiness in color. Jo Davidson's adroit and charming sculpture shares the honor of the floor with Solon Borglum, Aitken, Beach, and a newcomer, Arthur Lee, whose work shows that combination of youthful freshness with archaism which is the present mode. Behind the entrance hall is a gallery containing no less than a dozen Albert Ryders, a fine snow scene by John Twachtman, and a couple of minor pieces by Theodore Robinson. Two nocturnes by Ryder, with the Diana and the Interior of a Stable, represent about the best America has produced in purely imaginative painting. The glamour of this sort of thing is unearthly and exquisite. Arthur B. Davies, who is rather slightly represented in the exhibition by two of the Grecian series, cultivates this vein with more versatility and executive capacity. Without such dreamers an art is poor indeed; with them alone it is not quite rich. These secluded and highly individualized talents refresh, but in the nature of the case cannot provide leadership. Some principle of leadership appears in the tenuously firm work of John Twachtman. It is an austere and fastidious art, refusing the customary compromises. To fill a space with air and not sacrifice significant line and mass, to procure depth without forcing contrast—these were the problems that Cézanne and Twachtman were working at simultaneously in Provence and Connecticut. It was possibly only the chance of too early death that prevented Twachtman from reaching the level of his French colleague. The defect of both is a kind of impersonality, a proud withdrawal of the painter behind his work. It is the ungenerous attitude of Flaubert in letters. How definitely the tense and aristocratic landscape of Twachtman was symptomatic, let the work of Ernest Lawson and James Preston in the present show attest. They are entirely representative talents as regards both the qualities and the defects of our American impressionism.

As you pass to the right from the entrance, successive halls are dominated by George Luks and Lawson, George Bellows and Prendergast, Childe Hassam, Alden Weir, and D. Putnam Brinley, whose Emerald Pool, a stirring vision of a snow gorge, is again a fine example of what we may roughly call the Twachtman tradition. Weir and Hassam, both well represented by retrospective groups, shine with old masterly serenity amid the strident new work. Except Ryder, they are the only older men honored by a group exhibition. In fact, C. H. Davis, Edward Rook, H. D. Murphy, and Reuterdahl are about the only other regular exhibitors at the Academy who have seemed progressive enough to hold their own in the militant atmosphere of the Armory of the gallant Sixty-ninth. Upon Weir and Hassam I long ago exhausted my vocabulary of praise, which I could only repeat here with emphasis. Both are marvellous eyes and fine hands. Weir is as well a brooding spirit which invests its creations with an especial significance. He paints as in better days Henry James used to write.

George Luks, with a large double portrait and two character sketches, shows his usual competence. There is trenchancy in his brush stroke, as if he were not merely representing something, but sweeping the nonsense from it. None of his three paintings represents the full impact of his gusto, but a lot of little sketches of men and beasts, observed with an impartial relish, amply make amends. Luks is a powerful humorist as the word was used by Ben Jonson, and practiced by a rare line running through Hogarth and Rowlandson to Charles Keene and Phil May. Of the same tribe, but a shade more superior and sardonic, are John Sloan and Guy Dubois. Although I have known Dubois's work for a matter of ten years, its characterfulness and discretion struck me the other day like a new discovery. In the room where Luks and Lawson lord it we have the Prestons, Elmer McCrae, Philip Hale, and Jonas Lie in a rather flimsy decorative vein which I hope will prove transient. With Luks, George Bellows is a fount of gusto, but he seems to have nerves, with the corresponding impatience. His apostolic descent from St. Francis Rabelais is by no means so clear. In the Polo Crowd, the Circus, and the Docks restlessness is pushed nearly to the breaking point. Such spectacles are restless, and yet it may possibly be the business of the artist to see the turmoil in some calming eternal aspect. Something of this clarifying quality there is, for example, in the misanthropy of Degas, and occasionally in the frank sensuousness of Renoir. Bellows's portrait of a dancer has the sober excellences which his big illustrations often lack. His talent is great, and evidently has not yet found itself.

Prendergast has had the odd fate to be a Neo-Impressionist and a Post-Impressionist without knowing it. He splits the world up into a coarse mosaic of the primaries and recombines it in brusque and animated suggestions. It is not an art for slow eyes. There is plenty of sunlight and joy of life in it, and enough keen observation of men and women in any one of his three big pictures to fit out an Academy show and leave a surplus. Jerome Myers's swiftly caught visions of toil and play in New York are almost equally summary and more reflective. He is not bound by formulas and his grasp of the eloquence of the body, which is great, does not, as in Prendergast's case, imply sacrifice of the eloquence of the face. In his grimmer vein Myers has done nothing better than the benchful of sleepers on a sweltering roof which hangs in the gallery to the right of the entrance. Glackens and Henri are the greater gods of

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this particular Olympus. Both are fitful painters somewhat after the type of the heroine of Longfellow's best-known poem. The petulance which makes and limits the art of Henri is well expressed in a nude, which at a certain peril I must call an Academy, and a more engaging head of a lad. The portrait of a gypsy, intensely conceived and worked out firmly in saturated browns and rose, is one of the best Henris I have ever seen. Glackens too often paints with the chip from his shoulder, instead of the palette-knife of commercialized art. A large group of young women done in the colors of Renoir, which, of course, may also have been those of the thing itself, is more ambitious than satisfactory. The figures lack relation and tend to fall out of the frame. Starting from the tempered blacks of Manet, Glackens has been making a resolute and interesting attempt to reform his style along lines of frank color, with results as yet uncertain. There could be no better rebuke to some particularly blatant and dreary Post-Impressionism which disfigures this hall, than the real expressiveness of the drawing of Myers and Dubois. The next gallery gathers about the charming Boy Playing with Goat of Karl Anderson a number of canvases chiefly representing the luministic idea. A mountain scene by Catherine N. Rhoades is spacious and rich in color. Beyond, towards the Cubists, are several galleries of sketches in color and black-and-white, something of a refuge from the intermittent blare of color in the painting halls. In fact, the whole arrangement of the exhibition is exemplary in avoiding the monotony of most big shows.

Remaining impressions must reduce themselves to bare mention. The crepuscular Bolton Brown and the nocturnal Leon Dabo are agreeably represented. Charles Hopkinson shows a delightful group of children, all tea-rose and pale blue. Cimiotti's landscapes are decorative and colorful beyond the common. Allen Tucker's portraits and landscapes have a quiet distinction; one would gladly see them in non-competitive conditions. John Marin's water-colors of the Woolworth building are attractive in color, but there seems an odd immodesty in depicting to its ultimate stages the vertigo or worse that the giant tower produces in his sensorium. Kenneth Hayes Miller is decoratively effective in a fashion that equally recalls Blake, Ryder, and the first manner of Pablo Picasso. Margaret Wendell Huntington achieves a remarkable effect of solidity and just placing in her Torquay cliffs and a powerful impression of the landward run of long waves below.

I have left myself no space to do justice to the sculpture, which presents assured excellence in the figurines of Bessie Potter Vonnoh and Abestemia St. Eberle, and a piquant novelty in the tiny caricatures of current modes and their feminine victims by Mrs. Myers. In general, the exhibition gives a sense of alertness and youthful vim. There is nothing of the somewhat funereal and dutiful atmosphere that habitually rules in our large stated shows. In the Armory people fall into talk, wrangle amiably, readily exchange enthusiasms. To a critic who has been accustomed to see his ministrations accepted with the resignation appropriate to those of the undertaker, all this is inspiring. And it can only be for the good of art among us that the public begins to realize that the artist is not displaying an elegant accomplishment with apologies, but trying to say something that he really wants to be heard. I do not wish to say anything too old-fashionedly distrustful of the numerous young talents who are treading the gaudy primrose path of Henri Matisse. Nor am I even prepared to insist that there are merely fireworks and disillusion at the end. My business is not with artists, who, I assume, know their own affairs; but with the public, which in this matter emphatically doesn't. And I wish to warn open-minded people against certain persistent sophistries which are urged in favor of the strident color schemes of the Post-Impressionists. You will be told that the color of the new work puts down everything older. Concede that immediately, and say it doesn't necessarily matter. So can a stentorian fool put down a company of well-bred people, or the mere drums the entire orchestra. Ask your tempter if he is Ruskinian, believing the primary colors to be intrinsically holy. Or ask him if he thinks Velasquez a feeble painter because he found a palette of black, white, and red entirely adequate for portraiture. Or, better yet, go from Matisse and Segonzac to Ryder, or Davies, or Hassam, or Weir, to Renoir's peonies or the lily pool of Monet. Or pass directly from the insistent blare of the Post-Impressionist gallery to some pale sketch of Augustus John's, austerely executed in cool blues and grays. If after such comparisons you honestly feel that the older painting is in any sense put down, and find you crave the new, why, you are entirely welcome to it.

F. J. M., JR.

Henry R. Poore is bringing out, through Doubleday, Page & Co., a book on "The Conception of Art."

Maurice W. Brockwell's "Adoration of the Magi, by Jan Mabuse" (Athenæum Press) has some value for its illustrations. To a study of the magi-story it contributes nothing. Seven of the plates reproduce Mabuse. No. 1 gives the painting as a whole; the remaining six present certain parts on a larger scale. As uncolored photographic prints they are admirable, most clear and expressive; they are a pleasure to the eye. There are, however, four more plates, quite unconnected with the Mabuse. No. x, it is true, is a Spanish Adoration by a son of Mestre Roderigo de Osona, good and interesting in itself, but remote from Mabuse. No. viii is a nude recumbent Venus by Velasquez; No. ix is a portrait by Holbein of Princess Christina of Denmark; No. xi is the famous, we might say the notorious, Windmill of Rembrandt. The justification for these plates and for much of the printed matter is evidently the author's desire to praise the efforts of the National Art Collections Fund in aiding the National Gallery. The Windmill, everybody knows, was diverted to Philadelphia; but it ought to have gone, was on the point of going, to the National! Now, we can afford to sympathize with the generous efforts of the Fund and applaud their success. Only, we should prefer to see them treated separately and systematically. As presented here they are mere padding. Concerning the artistic merits of Mabuse's painting, there can be no doubt. It is a noble work. Still, it scarcely equals Rogier's. It gives evidence of Rogier's influence, though it is not directly imitative. Background and grouping are less good than Rogier's, and the hovering angels are not effective. The most striking figure is that of the Moorish Caspar.

Joseph Lyman, a New York artist, who died last week at the age of sixty-nine, was born at Ravenna, O., and was educated in Cleveland. He first exhibited at the National Academy in 1876 and was made an associate member of that institution ten years later. He received a bronze medal at the St. Louis exhibition, 1904. His best-known paintings are Summer Night, Evening, Percé Rock, Waiting for the Tide, Street in St. Augustine, Florida, and Under Her Own Fig Tree.

Louis Saint Gaudens, sculptor, and brother of the late Augustus Saint Gaudens, died on Saturday at Cornish, N. H. He was born in New York, in 1854, and studied sculpture at the Ecole des Beaux Arts, in 1879 and 1880. He assisted his more famous brother in several works. One of his last commissions was the design of the arch at the new railway station in Washington.

Finance

THE STORM CENTRE.

On a financial market already sufficiently disturbed, for other causes, there came in the past week such urgent demands for capital from Europe that $6,000,000 gold went out by Saturday's steamers, making $35,000,000 exported since the beginning of the year, or $6,400,000 more than has been shipped in the corresponding weeks of any preceding year. Until last week, Paris and Buenos Ayres had stood alone as consignees of our gold exports of 1913. Shipments of $750,000, made in the past few days to Berlin, marked the beginning of exports to that market, after an

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interval of nearly five years in which we have sent no gold whatever to that destination.

For this there was an obvious cause. It will hardly be doubted that the present storm centre of the financial world is Berlin. Until last week's closing days, the position in that community was easy to understand. Germany had long been conducting a movement of ambitious trade expansion and an extensive Stock Exchange speculation on the basis of inadequate domestic capital resources. Its Government, whose ideas of the country's economic situation have always been singularly dense, had seen fit to play with fire in its international relations during the footless Morocco dispute. Emerging from that experiment with somewhat damaged diplomatic prestige and with its relations in international finance impaired, it presently found itself confronted, on the Balkan explosion, with a real diplomatic crisis which it had not invited, which it did not like, but from which it could not escape.

Last Thursday's news of acute money stringency at Berlin, with the German bankers bidding hurriedly for gold at London, offering a 6½ per cent. rate in New York, and apparently endeavoring to import some considerable amount of gold from our own reserves, did not therefore take the world's markets altogether by surprise. It had been expected all along that Berlin, under its system of quarterly settlements on a large scale of the community's financial and industrial obligations, would be subjected to a troublesome strain around April 1.

The weak side of the German financial position was disclosed as long ago as September, 1911, when the Paris bankers, either because of the Franco-German dispute over Morocco or because of their own home requirements, recalled great sums of capital previously lent in the German market. The result was a day of outright panic on the Berlin Stock Exchange. The situation was relieved by advance of capital from New York, estimated by the end of 1911 to have reached $150,000,000. When our own trade activity revived, six months later, and New York had to call back the loans, the strain returned, and last year's "April settlement" brought short loans in the Berlin market up to 8 and 9 per cent. Some financial liquidation again eased the strain, until, last October, the Balkan War threw the German market into renewed confusion. At the "year-end settlement," two months ago, 12 per cent. had to be paid in Berlin for one-month loans. The Imperial Bank of Germany last week reported a cash reserve $25,000,000 less than a year ago, a loan account $49,000,000 larger, and an outstanding note circulation greater by $83,000,000, and last year's statement was regarded as none too strong.

This series of incidents shows why Berlin is at present watched more closely than any other of the world's great markets. How far last week's disturbances were a result of the German Government's extraordinary proposals for new taxation, is a reasonable question. To suggest for purposes of new armament, on top of the German taxpayer's already very heavy burden, the piling of a special requisition of 5 per cent. on every citizen's private fortune—the total levy to reach $250,000,000—would cause consternation in any market. To do this at the moment when the Government was asking the markets for a loan of $137,000,000, was to invite the failure even of the loan—and the event has shown that result to be a possibility. The case can hardly have been helped by this tactful utterance, a few days ago, by the German Emperor: "The year 1813 was a sacrifice. Let 1913 also be so for every one, for the time is scarcely less critical than 1813."

It was in 1813 that Prussia, crushed under Napoleon's heel, rose suddenly, armed its whole people, and joined in the attack of the Allies on the French invader. It remains to see how the frequently insubordinate Reichstag will accept the Kaiser's not wholly convincing historical analogies, and will respond to his modest requisition. It also remains to be determined what will happen on the German markets.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Acheson, Arthur. Mistress Davenant: The Dark Lady of Shakespeare's Sonnets. Walter M. Hill.

Agathon. Les Jeunes Gens d'aujourd'hui. Paris: Plon. 3.50 francs.

Alger, G. W. The Old Law and the New Order. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.

Allen, F. W. The Lovers of Skye. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. $1 net.

Ames, J. B. Lectures on Legal History and Miscellaneous Legal Essays. Harvard University Press.

Arabes, les Auteurs (pages choisies). Paris: Armand Colin. 3.50 francs.

Aveline, H. C'était à Berlin (roman). Paris: Plon. 3.50 francs.

Axon, W. E. A. The Canon of De Quincey's Writings. (Reprint from Trans. Royal Society of Lit.) London: Adlard & Son.

Bagot, Richard. The Italians of To-day. Chicago: F. G. Browne & Co.

Bateson, W. Mendel's Principles of Heredity. (Third edition.) Putnam.

Benson, E. F. The Weaker Vessel. Dodd, Mead. $1.35 net.

Beuchat, H. Manuel d'Archéologie Américaine (préface Henry Vignaud). Paris: A. Picard et fils. 15 francs.

Bolderston, W. N. La Vie de Saint Remi, Poème du XIIIe Siècle par Richier. Frowde.

Bolt, Niklaus. Peterli am Lift. Edited with notes by T. Betz. Heath. 40 cents.

Bolton, R. P. An Expensive Experiment; The Hydro-Electric Power Commission of Ontario. Baker & Taylor. $1.25 net.

Bonney, T. G. Volcanoes, Their Structure and Significance. Third edition. Putnam.

Bourcher, Colonel Arthur. L'Anabase de Xénophon (texte—commentaires militaires). Paris: Berger-Levrault. 25 francs.

Brunetière, Ferdinand. Histoire de la Littérature Française classique (1515-1830). Paris: Ch. Delagrave. 7.50 francs.

Buckton, A. M. A Catechism of Life. Dutton. 50 cents net.

Burke, Edward. Bachelors' Buttons: Confessions of a Shy Bachelor. Moffat, Yard. $1.30 net.

Burns, Robert. Poems published in 1786. (Kilmarnock Edition.) Frowde.

Burton, G. L. Tackling Matrimony. Harper. $1 net.

Butler, A. J. The Treaty of Misr in Tabari. Frowde.

Carman, B., and King, M. P. Daughters of Dawn. Mitchell, Kennerley. $1.50 net.

Choisy, Louis Frédéric. Alfred Tennyson: son spiritualisme, sa personnalité morale. Geneva: Librairie Kündig.

Crowe and Cavalcaselle's History of Painting in North Italy. 3 vols. Scribner.

Darmstaedter, Paul. Geschichte der Aufteilung und Kolonisation Afrikas. Erster Band: 1415-1870. Berlin: Göschen'sche Verlagshandlung.

Dubois, Paul. The Psychological Origin of Mental Disorders. Trans. by E. G. Richards. Funk & Wagnalls. 50 cents net.

Dubreton, Jean. La Disgrâce de Nicolas Machiavel (Florence—1469-1527). Paris: Mercure de France. 3.50 francs.

Dunoyer, Alphonse. Fouquier-Tinville. Paris: Perrin. 5 francs.

Everyman's Library Nos. 117, 183, 184, 315, 385, 501, 533, 557. Dutton.

Everyman's Library. No. 511, Autobiography of Edward Gibbon. Dutton.

Financial Statistics of Cities Having a Population of Over 30,000: 1909. Washington: Government Ptg. Office.

Flower, Newman. Red Harvest. Cassell. $1.25 net.

Fox, John, jr. The Heart of the Hills. Scribner. $1.35 net.

Fraser, W. H., and Squair, J. A Shorter French Course. Heath. $1.10.

Freer, M. W. The Married Life of Anne of Austria. New edition, revised. Brentano. $3.25 net.

Fuller, B. A. G. The Problem of Evil in Plotinus. Putnam.

Garvin, M. R. A Walled Garden, and Other Poems. Portland, Me.: Mosher Press.

Gilbert, C. B. What Children Study and Why. Boston: Silver, Burdett. $1.50.

Goron. Les Chauffeurs de l'An VIII. Paris: Ernest Flammarion. 3.50 francs.

Gubelmann, Albert. Studies in the Lyric Poems of Friedrich Hebbel. New Haven: Yale University Press. $2.25 net.

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Harper's Household Handbook. Harper. $1 net.

Harris, F. H. Dartmouth Out o' Doors. Compiled for the Dartmouth Outing Club, Hanover, N. H.

Henriot, Emile. A quoi rêvent les Jeunes Gens. Paris: H. Champion. 2 francs.

Hutchinson, Woods. Common Diseases. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.50 net.

James, H. G. Principles of Prussian Administration. Macmillan. $1.50 net.

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Livermore, W. R. The Story of the Civil War, Campaigns of 1863. Part III, Book I; Part III, Book II. Putnam.

Marden, O. S. The Exceptional Employee; The Joys of Living; The Progressive Business Man. Crowell. $1 net; $1.25 net; $1 net.

Margueritte, Paul. La Maison Brûle (roman). Paris: Plon. 3.50 francs.

Mettrie, J. O. de la. Man a Machine. Chicago: Open Court Pub. Co.

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More, P. E. The Drift of Romanticism. (Shelburne Essays, Eighth Series.) Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.
Mortensen, Karl. Handbook of Norse Mythology. Crowell. 75 cents net.
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Nisbet, J. F. The Insanity of Genius. Sixth edition. Scribner.
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Rights of Citizenship: A Survey of Safeguards for the People. Fd'k Warne & Co. 50 cents net.
Riou, Gaston. Aux écoutes de la France qui vient (introduction Emile Faguet). Paris: Bernard Grasset. 3.50 francs.
Rolland, Romain. Jean Christophe (fourth printing); Jean Christophe in Paris (second printing); Jean Christophe: Journey's End. Holt. $1.50 net, each.
Rossetti, C. G. Selected Poems. Edited, with notes, by C. B. Burke. Macmillan. 25 cents net.
Savage, C. MacL. The Turn of the Sword. Chicago: F. G. Browne & Co. $1.25 net.
Schultz, J. W. Sinopah, the Indian Boy. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.10 net.
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Tarkington, Booth. The Flirt. Doubleday, Page. $1.25 net.
Tennant, F. R. The Concept of Sin. Putnam.
The Indiscretion of Lady Usher. By the Author of "The Diary of My Honeymoon." Macaulay Co. $1.25 net.
Tinseau, Léon de. Le Duc Rollon (roman). Paris: Calmann-Lévy. 3.50 francs.
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